THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Dickens and His Heirs

That America, as well as England, owes an immense debt of gratitude to the memory of Charles Dickens is something that it is not necessary to urge. We know of no one who will be inclined to question it. Nevertheless, we are not yet ready to plunge head over heels into the plans for a Great Dickens Memorial for the purpose of raising money to present to Dickens's heirs. That the English people should do so is quite right—the expression of any opinion on that point is almost an impertinence—and if the collateral descendants of Lord Nelson are given an annual pension of five thousand pounds, there is no reason why like generosity should not be shown to the heirs of the great humourist. But of America's obligation we are not so certain, and that is a subject upon which we have every right to speak. We recall that, in the old days of transatlantic travel, while four-fifths of the cabin passengers on English ships were American, the proceeds of the ship's concerts were turned over to associations for the benefit of British seamen. Of course, in time, this was changed, but not until certain passengers were found with force of character enough to make themselves temporarily unpopular by their insistence on a fair division between the charities of the two countries and their refusal to contribute until such a course should be followed. It is quite true that the absence of an international copyright law wrought a gross injustice to Charles Dickens. But let us not forget that it also wrought injustice, and far more painful injustice, to the American writers of the day who were forced to compete on very unequal terms with his great genius and popularity.

Dickens, after a life in which he certainly did not stint himself, was able to leave to his heirs an estate of an approximate value of half a million of dollars, and his immediate family was by no means a large one, as large families go. The fact that some of his grandchildren to-day are engaged in earning their own livelihood, and that others are receiving small pensions from the English Government does not absolutely shock us. Nor can we confess to any strong sense of national shame that the estate of Dickens was not larger. Let us not be misunderstood on this point. That his stories were printed in this country and that he did not receive his share of the profits accruing from their sale was monstrously wrong. But it was only in proportion to his popularity that the wrong was any greater to Dickens than to his contemporaries. And if to any English writer the American people tried to make reparation for an injustice, that writer was Charles Dickens. Turn to page 434 of the second volume of the standard edition of Forster's *Life* and read of the second visit to this country—the visit of 1868—and its material results.

In New York, where there were five farewell nights, three thousand two hundred and ninety-eight dollars were the receipts of the last, on the 20th of April; those of the last at Boston, on the 8th, having been three thousand four hundred and fifty-six dollars. But, on earlier nights in the same cities respectively, these sums also had been reached; and

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indeed, making allowance for an exceptional night here and there, the receipts varied so wonderfully little, that a mention of the highest average returns from other places will give no exaggerated impression of the ordinary receipts throughout. Excluding fractions of dollars, the lowest were New Bedford ($1640), Rochester ($1906), Springfield ($1970), and Providence ($2140). Albany and Worcester averaged something less than $2400; while Hartford, Buffalo, Baltimore, Syracuse, New Haven, and Portland rose to $2600. Washington's last night was $2610, no night there having less than $2500. Philadelphia exceeded Washington by $300, and Brooklyn went ahead of Philadelphia by $200. The amount taken at the four Brooklyn readings was 11,128 dollars.

AUGUSTA GRÖNER

Mrs. Gröner

Mrs. Augusta Gröner, the Austrian novelist and the author of *Joe Müller, Detective,* which has been recently adapted for American readers by Miss Grace Isabel Colbron, is a woman of means and position who can look back on a long literary career of extraordinary fertility. She has written forty volumes, and several hundred more novels and short stories which have appeared only in magazines or newspaper supplements. Mrs. Gröner's specialties in fiction are detective stories and tales for children, certainly an odd and interesting combination. This writer, who lives either in her villa on the outskirts of Vienna or in her country home, a romantic old castle in the Alps (Burg Alt-Teuffenbach in Ober-Steiermark is its official title), enjoys her work thoroughly. She has been widely translated into other tongues, and has a large following especially in the Scandinavian countries. But she is delighted now at what is her first formal introduction to the American reading public. The detective Joseph Müller, whose doings are chronicled in this first book of hers to appear in America, is her chief creation. He is the hero of a number of her most popular novels and stories.

An Incident of War

The late Caran d'Ashe once drew a memorable series of cartoons entitled "The Evolution of War." The first cartoon showed two cave men locked frantically in each other's arms. The second picture represented the enemies with shields and smallswords, feinting and parrying, separated by a space of two feet. Number three brought us to the days of the crossbow, and number four to the first use of gunpowder. The fifth cartoon showed warfare as it was practised at the time of Blenheim or Fontenoy with two or three hundred yards separating the combatants. The final picture, representing modern warfare, showed the figure of a single soldier, lying by his long range rifle, while before him there stretched miles of country. But that modern war sometimes reverts to the old conditions of personal encounter is borne out by an anecdote told by Captain Charles Gilson of the British Army, whose novel, *The Refugee,* was recently published by the Century Company. Captain Gilson saw a great deal of service in the South African War and in the action at Vlakfontein was dangerously wounded in five different places.

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The small force to which I belonged was surprised and charged very gallantly by a large commando of Boers under Kemp and Delarey. We had four hundred men and they about twelve hundred, eight hundred of whom charged down upon our guns under cover of a veldt fire. Our force lost fifty per cent., that is to say, over two hundred in twenty minutes fighting, and our guns were captured. I advanced my company to support our own artillery, which turned upon us and fired shrapnel at almost point blank range. This was the first intimation I had that the guns were captured, and I ordered my men to charge. We were not in sufficient numerical strength to drive them off, though we got to close quarters and fought at a range of less than ten yards. There were very few of us who were not damaged. And our work served its purpose, that is to say, we prevented the Boers taking away the captured guns, and almost immediately a new company, hastening to our aid, cleared them from the field at the bayonet point. It was an almost unique incident and certainly was so in that war. Guns were captured by the enemy and re-captured fifteen minutes later. The casualties on either side were as severe proportionately as those at Albuera, though of course the forces engaged were inconsiderable.

CAPTAIN CHARLES GILSON

EDITH HALL ORTHWEIN

The New Claimant

Seven or eight years ago it was Mary MacLane of Butte, Montana; three or four years later it was Elinor Glyn; now it seems to be Edith Hall Orthwein. We have not read Mrs. Orthwein's *Love in the Weaving*. We do not expect to read it, for a brief glance at the first page and the last is enough to convince us that it is a story that we should care neither to read nor to endorse. However, that a great many persons of various conditions of life are reading it is not to be questioned. For the benefit of future historians, who may wish to reconstruct our age, and understand the conditions under which we are living, we reprint the first paragraph of the publisher's prospectus of *Love in the Weaving*.

In these days of divorce and heartbreak, of materialism and selfishness a real love story is especially refreshing, and such a tale is *Love in the Weaving*. The inspiration, delight, and contentment of love shine in its

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AT THE BOWDOIN COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT. MRS. RIGGS (KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN) IS NEAR THE CLUB, THE HONOURABLE CHARLES F. LIBBY, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN BAR HALE, OF

pages. The only true love between youth and maiden, between man and woman, and royally between mother and child form its precious theme.

K. D. Wiggin Abroad

The next paper in the Representative American Story Teller Series will deal with the work of Kate Douglas Wiggin. It will appear in the November issue. In connection with this announcement we present a picture of the commencement exercises at Bowdoin College last June, in which Mrs. Riggs is one of the central figures, and reproductions of the covers of her books printed in foreign lands. These are *The Birds' Christmas Carol* in Japanese, *Timothy's Quest* in Danish, and *Timothy's Quest, Polly Oliver's Problem* and *The Birds' Christmas Carol* in one volume in Swedish. The French translations of *The Birds' Christmas Carol, A Cathedral Courtship* and others are in bound volumes of the magazines. There is a German edition of *Rebecca,* but the French edition is not yet on the market. There is also an edition of *Rebecca* in English used in the Berlin public schools that contains a glossary that Mrs. Riggs describes as "precious beyond words!" *The Birds' Christmas Carol, The Story of Patsy,* and *Rebecca* are all printed in

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CENTRE OF THE PICTURE. OTHERS IN THE GROUP ARE PRESIDENT HYDE, OF THE ARCTIC PEARY ASSOCIATION, GOVERNOR QUINBY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, AND JUDGE CLARENCE PORTLAND

raised type for the blind, and eight of Miss Riggs's books appear in the Tauchnitz editions.

The Tolstoy "Life"

The forthcoming *Life of Tolstoy,* by Aylmer Maude, is the first consecutive and authoritative biography, and is appearing first not in Russian but in English for the reason that there is much in the narrative that could not be printed in the domains of the Czar. No writer not himself a Russian has had such opportunities for studying his subject as Mr. Maude. He has known Tolstoy for twenty-five years, has co-operated closely with him in various undertakings, and has made the best translations of many of his works. The book includes an account of Tolstoy's youth, his war experiences in the Caucasus and in the Crimea, his educational work in the country, his marriage, his conversion, his repudiation of property, his manual labour among the peasants, his Famine Relief work, his Excommunication, and his narrow escape from incarceration in Sóuzdal Monastery. In order to insure absolute accuracy the book has been read and corrected, chapter by chapter, by the Countess Tolstoy, while Tolstoy himself has read, and advised upon the statement of his views on religion and art.

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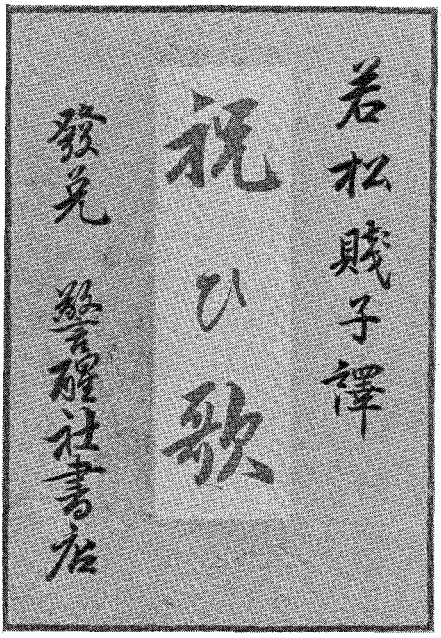

"THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS CAROL" IN JAPANESE

Early in 1862, while the Civil War was raging in America, a young Confederate captain, Henry Vignaud by name, arrived in Paris with Slidell dispatches, after a most trying voyage of sixty-three days on a sailing-vessel. Captain Vignaud had participated in the defence of New Orleans against the combined forces of Farragut and Butler, but had succeeded in escaping from the clutches of General Butler after the capture of the city. He was very homesick in Paris at first, and he would have returned to America, but return was out of the question, for he had paid a Federal officer two hundred and fifty dollars for the pass which had enabled him to traverse the enemy's lines, and he had barely forty dollars of ready money left. So he turned to journalism, which he had already practised in New Orleans before the war, and for a number of years he thus earned his living. Then he became successively private secretary to Minister Washburn, who was pursuing historical researches calling for trained assistance, Second Secretary of the United States Legation, and, in 1882, First Secretary—positions for which he was particularly fitted by an exceptional mastery of the French language. He remained attached to the American diplomatic service for thirty-four years. During this time he did not have a single leave of absence and (with the exception of a short time in 1908) he was never ill. The French Government recognised the value of his services by making him *chevalier,* then *officier* and finally *commandeur* of the Legion of Honour, and the American Colony by providing him with a substantial pension fund when the moment for his retirement came.

Henry Vignaud

Henry Vignaud's avocation through all these years was the study of the career of Columbus, but it was not until rather recently that he began giving the results of his researches formally to the world. In 1900, at the Congress of the Society of the Americanists (an organisation of

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XXX.

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"POLLY'S PROBLEM" IN SWEDISH

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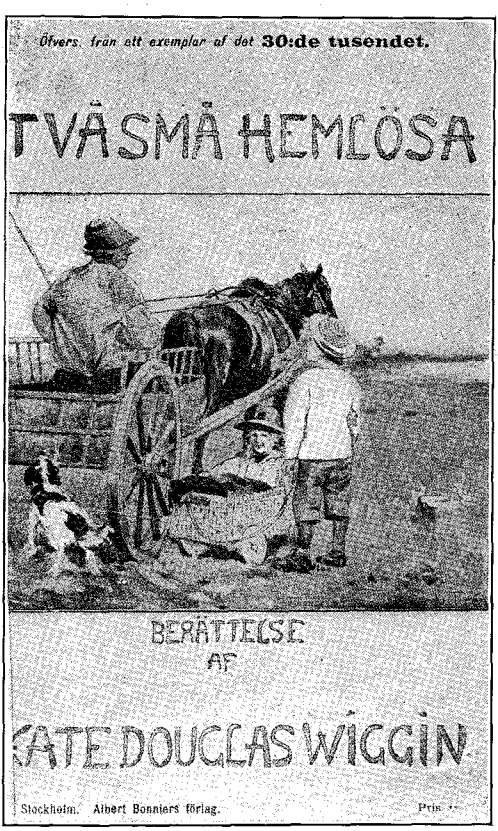
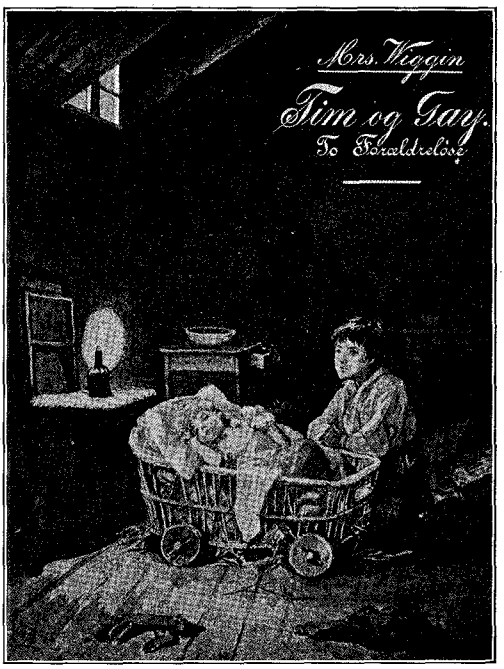
which he has since become the President), he read a paper, afterward printed as a brochure, denying the authenticity of the famous letter of the Florentine scholar Toscanelli; and a year later he published, upon the same subject, a volume which the Italian historian Guglielmo Ferrero affirmed in a personal letter to be "one of the ablest and profoundest historical studies which have appeared during the last fifty years." In an article contributed to the *Figaro* in March of the present year, Signor Ferrero said further:

My travels in the two Americas made me eager to know the history of the discovery of America in detail. Consequently, I read the most important works upon Christopher Columbus and upon his extraordinary adventure in the historical literature of the nineteenth century. The Columbus historians have naturally tried to explain how the obscure Genoese navigator and merchant conceived one day the idea of plunging with a few ships into the



"THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS CAROL" IN SWEDISH



"TIMOTHY'S QUEST" IN DANISH

unexplored immensity of the Atlantic. They had to choose between two versions: that which attributed the idea to the suggestion of a letter written by a *savant;* and that making it proceed from a hazard of life. All the historians save one chose the former. In a striking study upon the letter and the chart of Toscanelli, published ten years ago, Mr. Vignaud proved in a manner which seems to me definitive, that the l tter attributed to Toscanelli was composed after the discovery of America, when the Florentine *savant* was already dead; he maintained with good arguments that the story of the pilot had been transmitted to us from sources much more serious than had up to the present been admitted; and he concluded that the substance of the story, stripped of the somewhat romantic details with which it has been embellished, is not at all improbable. And, as a matter of fact, there can be no doubt that, before Columbus, boats astray on the Atlantic had touched the American coast.

In 1903, Henry Vignaud published (in English) a volume entitled *A Critical Study of the Various Dates Assigned to the Birth of Christopher Columbus,* in which he affirmed that the real date of

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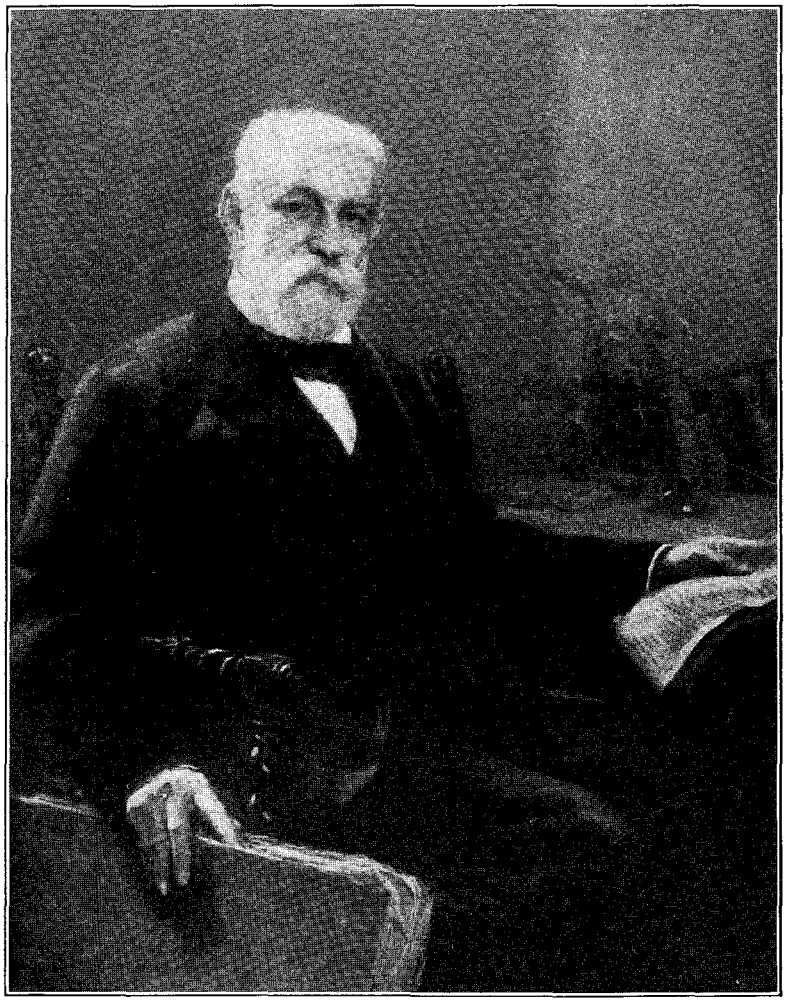
Columbus's birth was 1451 and in which he claimed that Columbus, his relatives and friends, deliberately concealed this date "to prevent the discovery of the fact that he belonged to an artisan family which lived by manual labour." In 1905 he published (in French) the first volume of a critical biography of Columbus (crowned by the Institute), which undertakes to demonstrate, among other things, that Columbus was never at the University of Pavia; that there was no famous admiral in his family; that he never commanded a galley for King René, nor fought for that monarch; that he did not leave Portugal because the King wished to rob him of his secret; and that he did not make proposals to Genoa, England and France.



HENRY VIGNAUD, FORMERLY FIRST SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN EMBASSY IN PARIS
After the Painting by S. Seymour Thomas

The Colonel and His Book

Editorially, we are expressing no opinion of *African Game Trails*. It is, to a certain extent, a book for a specialist, and we refer our readers to another part of this issue of the magazine where Colonel Roosevelt's book is formally reviewed by Mr. Stewart Edward White, who, by the way, is himself about to start in a few days for an African hunting trip. We have, however, been much interested in what the newspapers have been saying about the

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Roosevelt book. It is not surprising to find that *African Game Trails* as a book is very much obscured by the personality of its author, and that we can turn to a review and learn whether the newspaper in which it appears is for or against "My Policies." For example, the *Evening Sun* of New York sums up *African Game Trails* with the remark that "the closed book would be an ornament to any drawing-room table."

THE COLONEL AS AN AFRICAN HUNTER

From "McCutcheon on T. R."

The morning *Sun* of New York devotes less than twenty lines to the book, and of it says: "The public will thus be able to preserve in permanent form the record of the most thoroughly observed hunting expedition of modern times." *The Transcript* of Boston devotes a column and a half to *African Game Trails* and sums it up with the comment: "Taken all in all every one who has the good fortune to read Colonel Roosevelt's story will be glad that the wish of Wall Street that 'every lion would do its duty' was not fulfilled." The Colonel's book is not one that we should expect to be assigned to a feminine reviewer. But one Iowa paper has done this with the result that we read: "There is delight of the hardy life of the open, in long rides, rifle in hand; in the thrill of the fight with dangerous game. Apart from this, yet mingled with it, is the strong attraction of the silent places, of the large tropic moons and the splendour of the new stars, where the wanderer sees the awful glory of sunrise and sunset in the wide places of the earth, unworn of man, and changed only by the slow change of the ages through time everlasting."

Full of Kentucky fire is the review which appeared in the Louisville *Courier Journal:* "Truly a book of terrible beasts is this record of adventures by father and son of the doughty Nimrodian tribe of Roosevelt . . . making but child's play the performances in the cage of ca-

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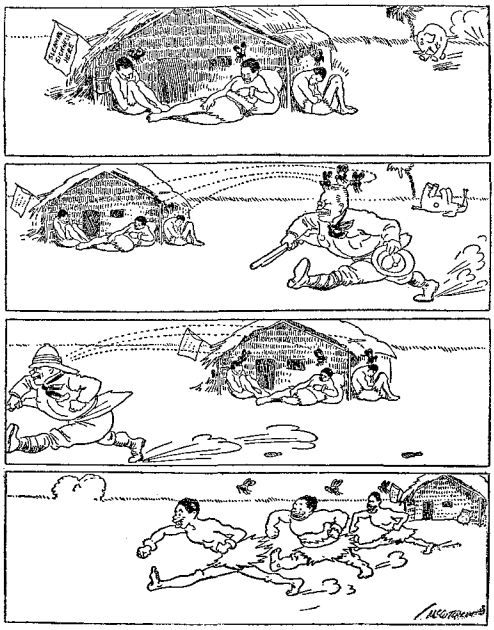
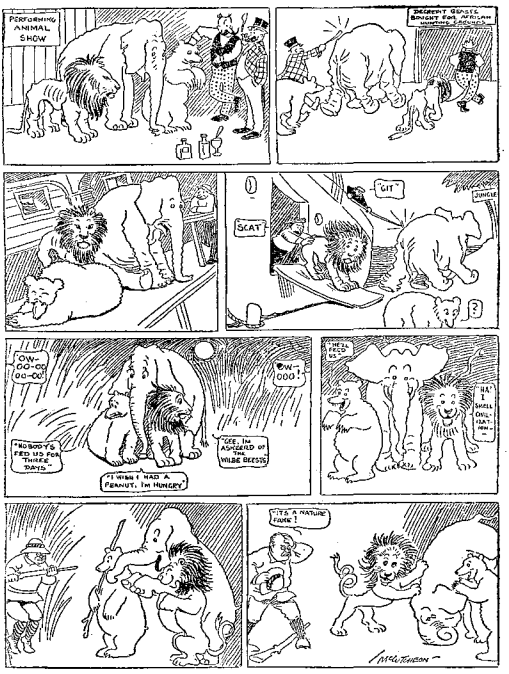


HOW THE DEADLY AFRICAN SICKNESS, CAUSED BY THE BITE OF THE TSETSE FLY, WAS CURED

From "McCutcheon on T. R."

pricious, growling Republicans into which the ex-President seems unwittingly to have stepped since his return to the placid shores of his civilised America." We present our respects to Colonel Watterson. Says the Chicago *Tribune:* "The absence of literary style which so disappointed Colonel Roosevelt's auditors at the Sorbonne may perhaps also be charged against his printed chronicle of the African hunting expedition." The Rochester *Post-Express* treats the book as: "An unconscious revelation of character . . . it is hard to realise that a man with such tastes could take an interest in the ethical problems of history or could seriously record himself as a Christian idealist. In reality he has far more in common with Nimrod than with either St. Paul or Tolstoy."

Good old swashbuckling abuse is the portion served by *The Galaxy:* "If there ever was a work which in the interest of humanity should be suppressed it is this. . . . Roosevelt itches to flood the country with the weak and miserable stories of which he himself is the vaunting hero. . . . If this self-advertised vandal, Theodore Roosevelt, is again elected to the Presidency of this nation it will be to our shame and degradation." These opinions are apparently not shared by the reviewer of the Springfield *Sunday Union,* who says: "Mr. Roosevelt narrates his hunting adventures with a fitting modesty, and it is probable that many of his experiences would have been more sensationally depicted had he had some one other than himself for the hero." Also in an amiable mood is the Chicago *Record-Herald:* "Entirely apart from the great popularity of the author, this book has the qualities that would raise any volume of the kind into the first rank of out-door literature. It has action, adventure, the excitement of the chase, and, what is much more, it has the picture-making phrase that stirs the imagination on every page. . . . It is a book rich in many kinds of interest and vitalised by one of the great personalities of our time."



"DEALERS IN EUROPE HAVE BEEN BUYING AGED ANIMALS FROM MENAGERIES AND ZOOS, AND SENDING THEM TO EAST AFRICA TO MAKE THAT DISTRICT MORE POPULAR FOR HUNTERS" (NEWS ITEM)

From "McCutcheon on T. R."

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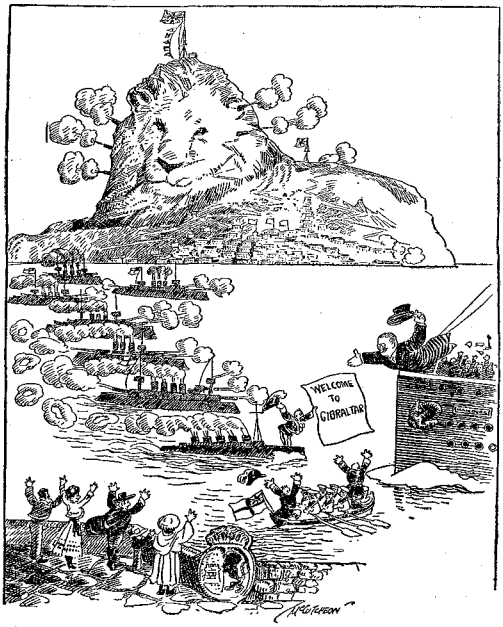
"A goodly volume of more than 150,000 words, a live narrative, a serious scientific study of the peoples and beasts he encountered, and most of all, a characteristic enlargement of the theme in which Roosevelt is perennially interested." Thus the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*. "Filled with a vivid human interest which would make it a remarkable literary achievement entirely apart from the personality of its author," says the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. "Of course, the book of the year" according to the New York *Tribune*. We wonder whether there is any hidden meaning in the review of the Syracuse *Post-Standard*. That paper finds "a pronounced literary quality in the Colonel's writings," but ends up with the curious words: "He was after game; and in some sense or other he will continue to be after game as long as he continues to be the Colonel we know."

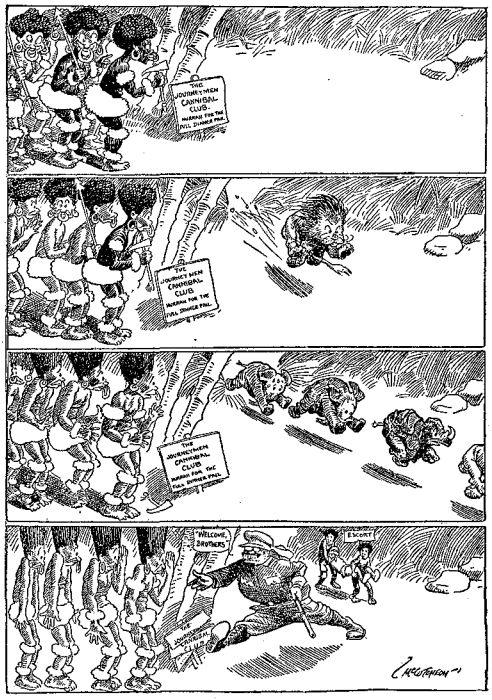
Maeterlinck at Home

There will this autumn be published in England and America a translation of a book by Gerard Harry on Maurice Maeterlinck which appeared last year in Brussels as the first in a series entitled Les Ecrivains Français de la Belgique. Judging by the prospectus of this series, the plan is to have every Belgian writer figure twice, once as a subject and again as the biographer of some one else. Certainly if, as M. Harry and others of his countrymen have testified, Belgian writers find little general appreciation in their own land, there is no dearth of mutual admiration among the writers themselves. The present monograph is little more than an essay. The author analyses Maeterlinck's ideas, briefly sketches his literary development and his career as a writer, and presents a discreet portrait of the man in his temperamental traits rather than in his personal characteristics. This doubtless is due to Maeterlinck's well-known aversion to the invasion of his privacy by the curious public. Now that he is married, he turns over all inquiries for his wife to answer, but years ago, when *La Princess Maleine* appeared, and when he still had no buffer between him and the insistent interviewer, he seriously contemplated a hasty visit to London to escape the exigencies of reporters from the Paris



HIS FIRST LION

From "McCutcheon on T. R."



SOME ONE HAS EXPRESSED THE FEAR THAT COLONEL ROOSEVELT MAY BE ATTACKED BY CANNIBALS IN AFRICA

From "McCutcheon on T. R."

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papers. M. Harry represents his subject as having been rather disconcerted than delighted by the sudden fame that descended upon him as a result of Octave Mirbeau's extravagant laudation, and as having characterised his first work as "Shakespeatrie," while he spoke of his young renown as "gloire à la Rollinat." He resented the attempts to make a lion of him, and when he accepted an invitation he insisted that he should be received and entertained without ceremony, reminding his host that he was a peasant.

An American Pageant

The little New Hampshire town of Peterborough, the country home of the late Edward MacDowell, the composer, was a few weeks ago the scene of an experiment of real sociological as well as artistic interest. An elaborate musical pageant in sixteen numbers, illustrating the history of the village, in which two hundred of the neighbourhood people took part, was carried through on a plane of unusual excellence. In a natural stage setting in the woods, on the MacDowell grounds, music, poetry, movement and colour were combined and arranged so as to suggest episodes in the life of the community from the days when the Indians peopled the place to the present time. The stage elevation presented an extensive view of the surrounding country, with Mt. Monadnock framing it in the distance—the same view that inspired the composer to his finest efforts. Entrances and exits were made from the deep glades on either side. The costumes, many of them brought out by the townspeople from their treasured presses and breathing the aroma of rose leaves and sweet lavender, were both historically correct and picturesque. The pageant was under the direction of Professor George P. Baker of Harvard. Associated with Professor Baker were Hermann Hagedorn, also of Harvard, who furnished the lyrics, and Chalmers Clifton, an undergraduate at Harvard, to whom fell the task of arranging and rehearsing the music for voices and orchestra. The members of the little art colony that has sprung up around the MacDowell home, headed by Miss Gwendolyn Valentine, who arranged the dances, also contributed to the production, which was witnessed by almost five thousand persons.

Aside from the spirit of co-operation shown by all the participants, the vital importance of the Peterborough Pageant lies in its significance as an expression of American art impulse. Mr. MacDowell believed strongly that great good would come from a co-ordination of the arts and the creation of a centre of interest to artists in varied fields, who, living and working in close contact, would learn to appreciate the fundamental unity of art principles and establish among themselves a bond of sympathy. He planned that his Peterborough home should be dedicated to the idea of such an art centre; and upon his death, the property was transferred by Mrs. MacDowell to the MacDowell Memorial Association, formed for the purpose. It was peculiarly fitting that the performance in which the union of arts was so exemplified should be given as a tribute to his memory and in these surroundings. The idea of the pageant was Mrs. MacDowell's, and to her above all others belongs the credit for the executive as well as the artistic success of the production. The music was nearly all adapted from Mr. MacDowell's compositions.

"Etienne Mayran"

It has always been known that Taine once tried his hand at writing a novel. Indeed, the critic talked freely to his friends about this experiment, which never went beyond the eighth chapter, and which he said he abandoned because he found he had imitated Stendhal unconsciously. He always refused to show his manuscript, however; so, doubtless, there will be some to question the propriety of the publication of the fragmentary *Etienne Mayran,* which has just appeared. It is an account of the intellectual awakening of a boy in a school where his superior self-respect opens a gulf between him and his associates. It contains, a critic has said, "personal reminiscences mingled with memories of the youth of Julien Sorel"—the hero of Stendhal's *Rouge et Noir,* to which Taine accorded such glowing praise in his *Essais de*

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THE PETERBOROUGH PAGEANT—THE MUSES ENTER, ATTENDED BY THE DREAMS THAT THEY INSPIRE

THE PETERBOROUGH PAGEANT—THE CALL TO ARMS. THE PEOPLE OF PETERBOROUGH SAY FAREWELL TO THE SOLDIERS DEPARTING TO JOIN THE REVOLUTIONARY FORCES

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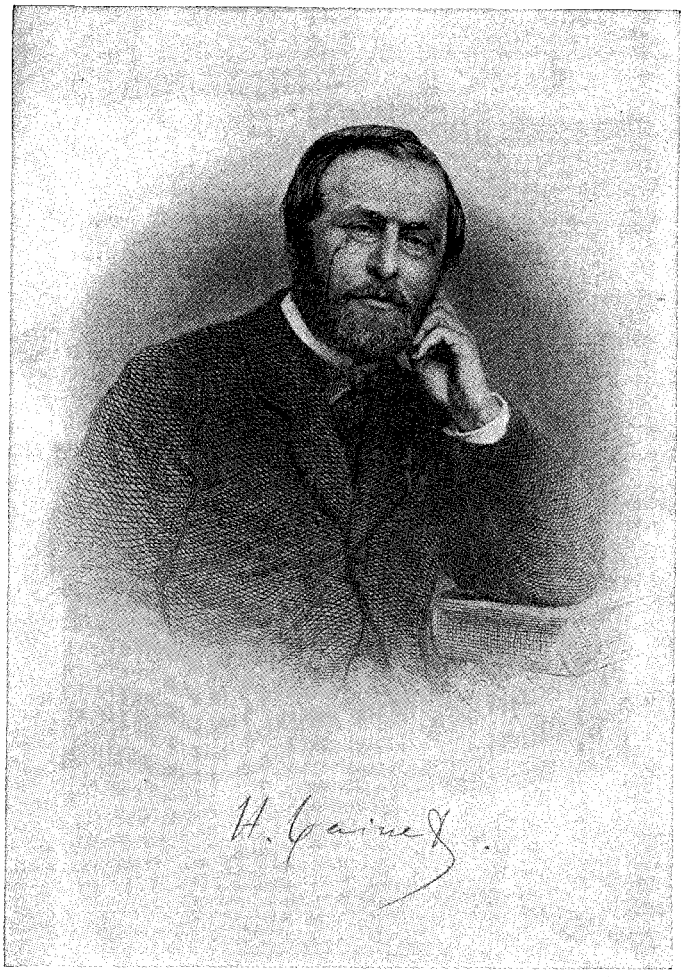
Critique et d'Histoire. Paul Bourget, in a long preface, emphasises this autobiographical element, which he assigns as the principal reason for the abandonment of the undertaking in its early stages, since it violated at once the modesty of the man and the æsthetic principles of the objective critic. The publishers, on the other hand, in a note of their own, warn the reader against taking the chapters too literally as a picture of the author's early life. The ideas and sensations of *Etienne Mayran* may have been Taine's, but the external circumstances surrounding the latter's boyhood were altogether different. Opinions may differ as to the artistic value of this fragment, which M. Bourget rates highly, but there can be no question as to the documentary interest of the single creative work of the historian and philosopher, who, at the age of thirty, and under the influence of Flaubert and the Goncourts, turned from the field in which he had already won fame to construct a *psychologie vivante* of his own.



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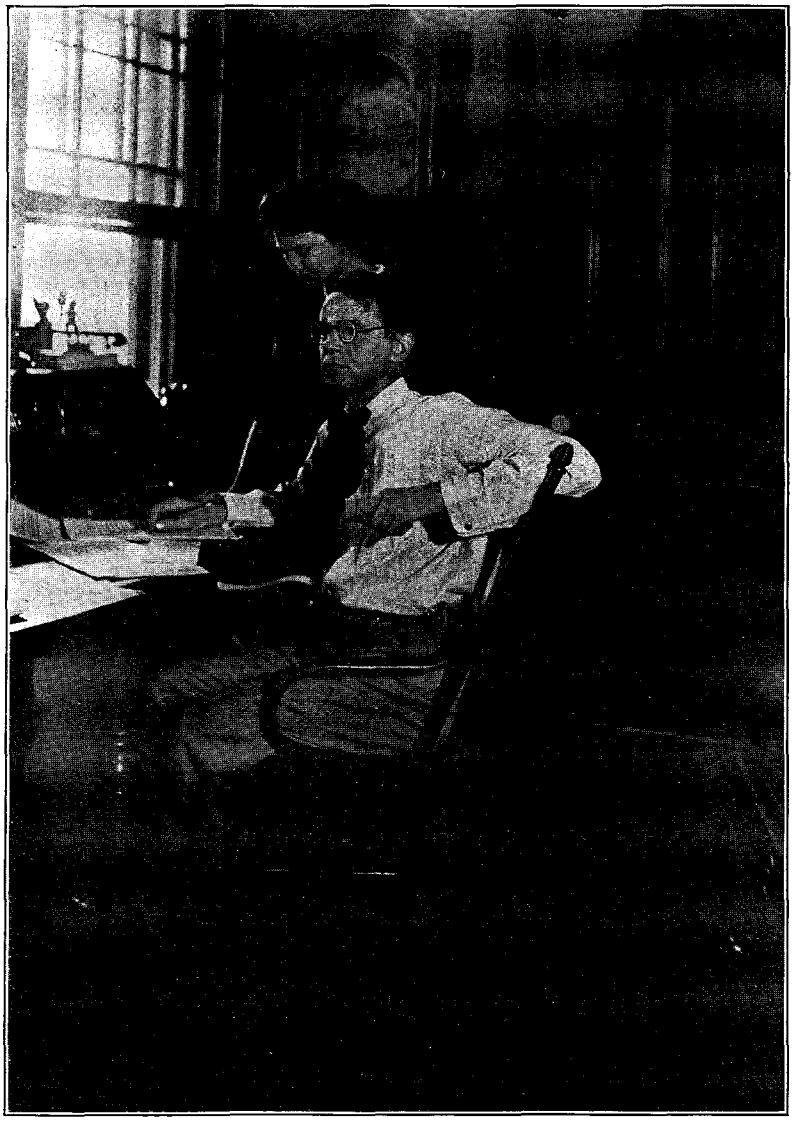
The Story of a Story

In the introduction to the new edition of *Sally Ann's Experience* Eliza Calvert Hall tells the story of how she came to write that widely read tale. Under the old common law of Kentucky, which came from England, a husband could collect and spend his wife's earnings. Marriage gave to the husband all the wife's personal property, and the use of all her real estate owned at the time or acquired after her marriage. Moreover, in 1889, Kentucky was the only State in the Union where a married woman could not make a will. Instances of the injustice of the law led to the writing of *Sally Ann's Experience*. The story made a two-year pilgrimage from one magazine to another and was finally accepted and published by the *Cosmopolitan* in 1898. Not many weeks after the publication in the United States it reappeared in a woman's paper in New Zealand. Since then the *Woman's Jour-*



RUTH KAUFFMAN AND REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN, "THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE," A NOVEL BY THESE TWO AUTHORS, DEALING WITH THE SOCIAL EVIL, IS REVIEWED ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE

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LILIAN WHITING

nal of Boston has printed it three times, and in July, 1908, ten years after its first publication, it reappeared in the columns of the *Cosmopolitan*. It was this story that former President Roosevelt recommended as "a tract in all families where the men folks tend to selfish or thoughtless or overbearing disregard of the rights of their womankind."

Boston in the Fifties

Boston in the fifties, Lilian Whiting tells us in her *Louise Chandler Moulton, Poet and Friend*, had little to boast of in the artistic line, but in its intellectual life it had long been distinguished among American cities. In the early years of Mrs. Moulton's life there Lowell gave his course of lectures on "Poetry" before the Lowell Institute, and Curtis his course on "Bulwer and Disraeli." Longfellow at this time was writing "Hiawatha"; Richard Grant White was often coming over from New York to confer with the Cambridge group on nice points in his edition of *Shakespeare*. The interest in literature is illustrated by the fact that when "Maud" appeared in the summer of 1855 Longfellow and George William Curtis made a pilgrimage to Newport to read and discuss it with Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

Mrs. Moulton made her first visit to Europe in 1876. Her poems had been published in England, and her welcome at the hands of London literary men and women seems to have been very genuine. It was at a breakfast given in her honour by Lord Houghton (Monckton Milnes) that she first met Browning.

Shortly after I came into the room, Lord Houghton, whose voice was very low, brought a gentleman up to me whose name I failed to hear. My fellow-guest had a pleasant face, and was dressed in grey; he sat down beside me, and talked in a lively way on every-day topics until Lord Houghton came to take me in to table. Opposite to us sat Miss Milnes, now Lady Fitzgerald, between two gentlemen, one of whom was the man in grey. Presently Lord Houghton asked me if I thought Browning looked like his pictures. "Browning?" I asked. "Where is he?" "Why, there, sitting beside my daughter," he replied. But, as there were two gentlemen sitting beside Miss Milnes, I sat during the remainder of the breakfast with a divided mind, wondering which of these two men was Browning. After going back to the drawing-room my friend in grey again

ELIZA CALVERT HALL

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L. C. MOULTON

came and sat beside me, so I plucked up courage and said, "I understand Mr. Browning is here; will you kindly tell me which he is?" He looked half puzzled, half amused, for a moment; then he called out to some one standing near, "Look here, Mrs. Moulton wants to know which one of us is Browning. *C'est moi!*" he added with a gay gesture.

Readers of George du Maurier's *The Martian* will recall the extraordinary English of the Frenchmen who were supposed to teach English in the French school attended by Barty Joselyn and Robert Maurice. Du Maurier might have been describing the poet Stephen Mallarmé whom Mrs. Moulton met in London and with whom she formed a close friendship. Mallarmé was at this time professor of English in a French college, and his use of that language afforded Mrs. Moulton some amusement. "He always addressed me in the third person," she related, "and he made three syllables

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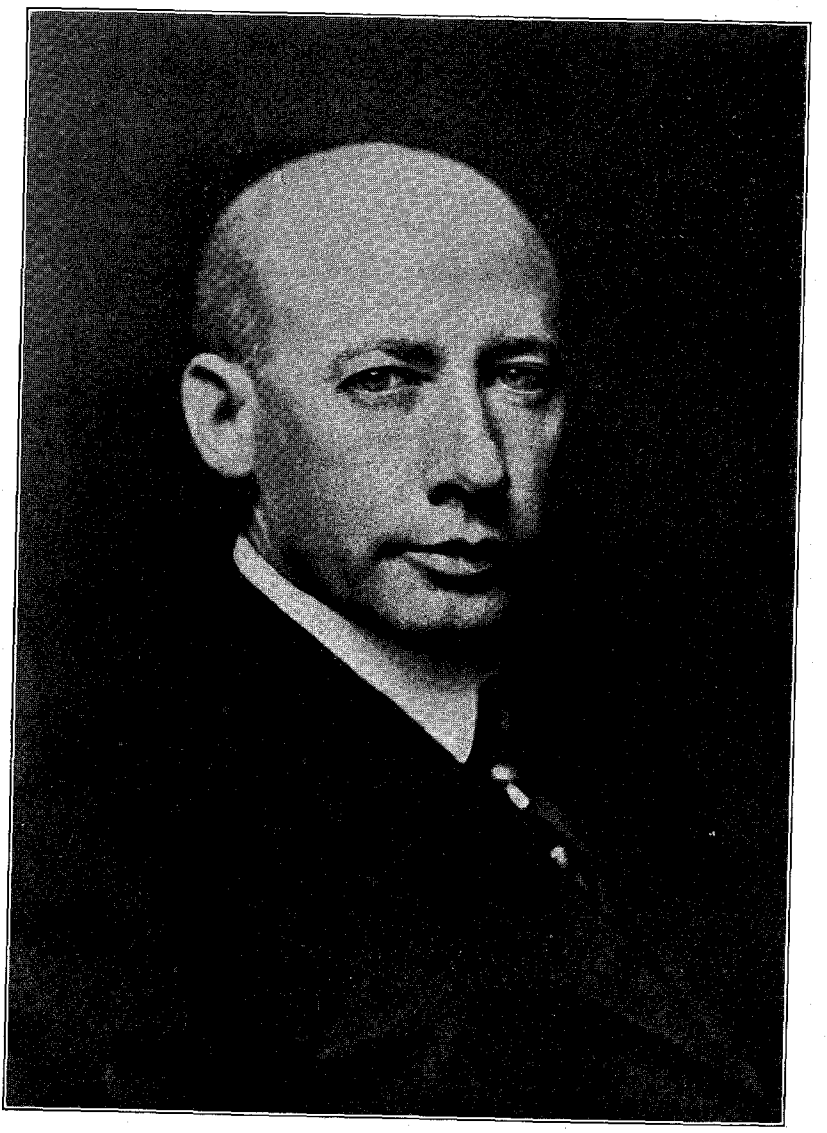

JULES GUERIN, THE ILLUSTRATOR OF "THE HOLY LAND"

of 'themselves.' He spoke of useless things as 'unuseful.' Mrs. Moulton saw much of Mallarmé later in Paris, and when she was about to cross the Channel once more Monsieur and Madame Mallarmè came to pay a parting call. 'We have wishéd,' began the poet, mustering his best English in compliment to the occasion, 'Madame and I have wishéd to make to Madame Moulton a souvenir for the

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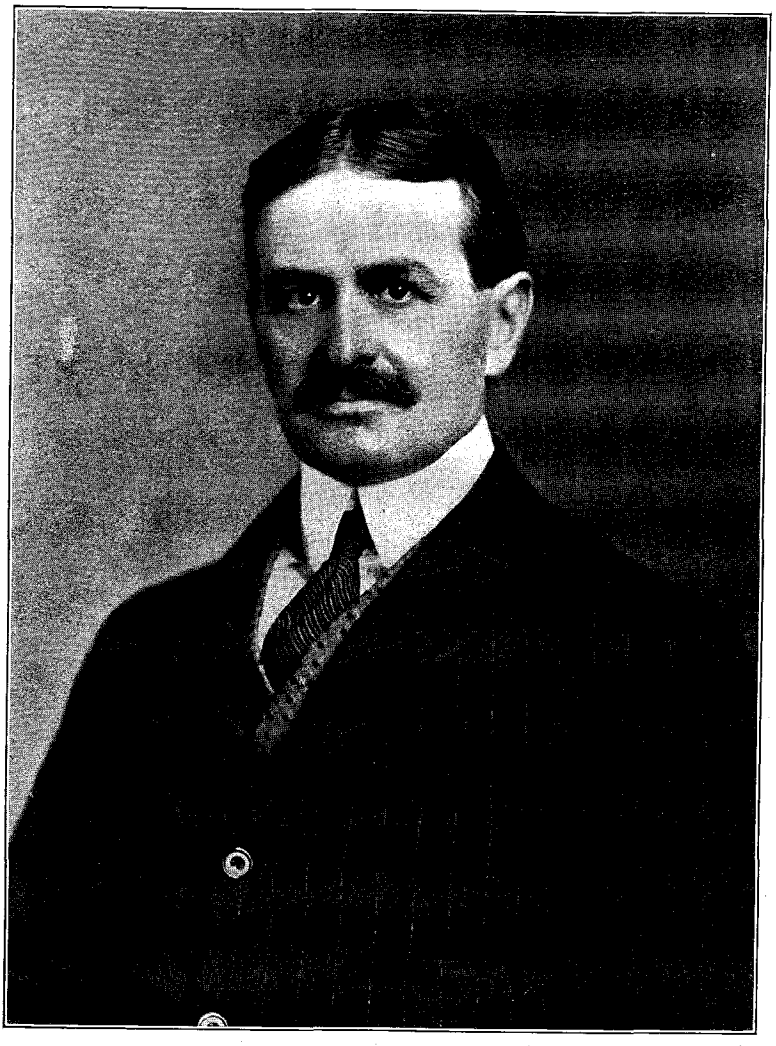

ROBERT HICHENS, THE AUTHOR OF "THE HOLY LAND"

good-bye, and we have thought much, we have consideréd the preference beautiful of Madame, so refinéd; and we do reflect that as Madame is pleaséd to so graciously the dolls of Paris like, we have wishéd to a doll present her. Will Madame do us the pleasure great to come out and choose with us a doll, *très jolie,* that may have the pleasure to please her?' "

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By ISABEL FLOYD-JONES

THE inspiration of one of the most frequently sung operas, and itself perhaps the finest short story ever written, Prosper Merimée's *Carmen,* hardly had need of the bringing forward of its heroine's great-granddaughter to secure its perennial popularity. The fact is, however, that the young lady, Mintz Nadushka, has recently become the wife of a Parisian journalist, M. Léon Roger.

As a side issue resulting from one of Merimée's archæological surveys of Spain he recounted the history of one Don José Navarro, Brigadier of Cavalry in the Almunza Regiment, who first met at Seville a *gitana,* Carmen, so called—"La Carmencita." The soldier fell in love with her, killed her lover and then took up the life of a smuggler, committing further crimes from day to day. Carmen preferred, however, a picador of the Plaza Toro to the gallant Cavalier. The soldier in a jealous fury knifed the bull-fighter to his death, buried him with his own hands and gave himself up a prisoner. Upon these slight but moving facts of history Merimée founded his *picaresque* romance. That the incident, or incidents, existed in the real there is no doubt, and now comes on the scene, in the Paris of the twentieth century, Madame Léon Roger, to give another air of reality to the tale.

To begin with, Carmen was a Spanish name adapted by Merimée for his heroine—for, well, for many reasons, perhaps, but at all events it was wrong to give it to a *gitana,* the more so since Madame Roger tells us that a gipsy would never bear a patronymic thus: that her real name was Ar Mintz, signifying the tigress or the untamable. Merimée did well, or ill, to change the name. It all depends upon the point of view; Carmen is smoother to the speech, but it lacks, after all, the picturesque force of the Romany nomenclature. Possibly it was by intent that Merimée thought to shield the family, whose name was Nadushka, from any hurt.

The tribe had camped in the environs of Gibraltar, at Algeciras across the bay—how many conducted or non-conducted steamship tourists know this—and pursued the happy, care-free and profitable life of smugglers.

From her infancy Carmen vagabonded over the highways and byways of all Iberia with never a care save that her happy, roving life should lead her into no disaster. By night or day, by pale moon or dazzling sun, it was ever the same: March! March! March!

Very young, Carmen first married a *gitana* of her tribe, Yaleo, without doubt the one Merimée called Garcia le Borgne, but who, as a smuggler, was subsequently killed in a fight with the customs officers. Was Ar Mintz, or Carmen, a cigarette-maker at Seville? That no one knows. It was a picturesque environment in which to put the leading character of a

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romance, and, in a way, it increased the rapidity of action of the piece, and Merimée adopted it for that reason. Madame Roger thinks that such a thing was hardly possible with Ar Mintz. It was said that she detested the cities and loved only the open road or the vast mountains of the peninsula. A character such as this would fit in very badly with the regular, sedentary life of the cigarette factory.

The meeting between Carmen and Don José could hardly have been as Bizet represented it at the Opera Comique when he set Merimée's tale to music. It was a much more simple, less dramatic encounter. At Tarifa, where is that great international lighthouse where emigrating Latins are winked on their way to the new world and which welcomes thousands of American tourists Mediterranean-bound to-day, Ar Mintz had been engaged in a little smuggling operation of her own. A coast-guard patrol having captured her as she attempted flight she was sent to prison, but there a gallant brigadier, for a glance of her eyes or some other favour, was amiable and faithless enough to his duties to enable her to escape. And the rest one can well imagine. This brigadier was the Don José of the romance and the opera, but again this was but a pseudonym for him who was known to the tribe of *gitanas* as Issar Aboga, that is, "the stranger who brings misfortune." This brigadier was of a good old family of Navarre, who had arrived at his rank at Pampelona. In manner violent and unstable, owing to a grievous fault he had committed, he was obliged to leave his home. He took service in the Cavalry stationed in a distant province, but was a bad soldier and a worse officer, quarrelsome, brutal and unreasonable.

Becoming enamoured of Carmen, who was already a widow, he thought to treat the proud tigress of a *gitana* as he had treated his other conquests in the Basque Mountains. More than this, the brigadier loved the life of the city and his pleasures, while Carmen adored the open country, and the open road had for her more charm than all the *ramblas* and *prados* from Catalonia to Estra Maduro. Certain it was that the two fell in love, but their conception of the divine passion was quite different; such an alliance could be of but short duration. Don José gave in first; for the love of Carmen he deserted his regiment, became a smuggler, and even a brigand on occasion. For a year this new life continued, a year of quarrels and wilful misunderstandings, provoked chiefly by the autocratic manner and jealous disposition of José. Was his jealousy well founded? Never did a *gitana* belong to two men; when her love for the soldier should die it was a tenet of her creed that her heart must beat for another. It goes without saying that the *gitanas* of the tribe did not receive José very graciously to their bosoms; in fact, they did all possible to break up the union. Furious at being supplanted by another, for Carmen had by now deliberately transferred her affections, José sought by all possible means to reconquer the wilful spirit. Repulsed at each attempt, in a final fit of rage he killed her.

This, then, is the true history of Carmen; this is the story as it is known in the south of Spain even to-day, where the *gitanas* ever cast maledictions upon the head of the stranger. The novel-readers and the opera-goers, almost without exception, express their sympathy for the murderer; but should not the poor, maltreated, misunderstood Carmen have a tithe of their charitable consideration also? This Ar Mintz, or Carmen, had a daughter who, in time, married one Djarko, a gipsy singer of note, and in turn gave to the world several sons and a daughter named Thiécla. This daughter of Carmen bestowed her affections upon a private of artillery, an Englishman of the Gibraltar garrison by the name of Gresham, and of this association was born a girl who was named Mintz Nadushka, the present Madame Léon Roger.

This soldier of the Gibraltar garrison was an honest man. Obliged to leave the Rock for service in India he confided the baby girl, Mintz, and her mother, Thiécla, to relatives of the family living at the time in France. The soldier left for his post in India and was killed during an engagement with the Sikhs. Thiécla and her daughter some time after returned to Gibraltar and were received with affec-

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tion by the now aging Djarko. The young Mintz was taught by her grandfather to sing, and at the age of twenty began a theatrical career, making her début in the rôle of Carmen. The *gitanas* of the family, learning of this and believing it a sacrilege, sought to poison the singer, and succeeded so well that for months the young woman was obliged to relinquish the boards and lay between life and death.

A year later the singer again took up her operatic life and was fulfilling an engagement at Valparaiso at the period of the recent earthquake. Her death was announced through the Parisian press, a rumour which the lady herself hastened to deny by appearing shortly in the capital. It was then that the life history of Mintz Nadushka was made public. "If," she said, "the revelations give cause for irritation to my brothers I trust they will pardon me; they were made solely out of respect and affection for the memory of my great-grandmother."

CARMEN

(After Théophile Gautier)

BY LOUISE ELIZABETH DUTTON

Carmen is thin, with draggled locks;
  She has strange pigment in her eyes;
The Devil took his colour-box,
  And tanned her with his dyes.

Carmen is thin, the women say,
  But all the men are hers to tease,
And when the bishop kneels to pray,
  He kneels before her knees.

Close in her amber neck, how slow
  She twists and coils her splendid hair.
Down slender shoulders hanging low,
  It was a weary weight to bear.

Now, in her heavy pallor set,
  Her mouth with conquering laughter parts.
Her lips are red, her lips are wet,
  For they are red with blood of hearts.

So she was made; a haggard thing,
  Keener than beauty red and white,
Because her glances burn, and sting
  Stale senses to delight.

She has, to be her secret lure,
  A grain of salt from that fell sea
Whence Venus, springing calm and sure,
  Must trail the foam unendingly.

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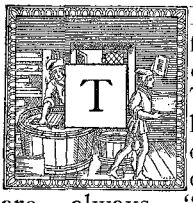
INSIDE VIEWS OF FICTION

BY CAPTAIN JAMES CHURCHILL

VI—The Novels of "Broadway Life"

Editor's note: The following views are those of Captain James Churchill, transcribed by George Jean Nathan. Captain Churchill, for many years connected with the New York police department in the Broadway district and in the last four years operator of the well-known Broadway restaurant that bears his name, is one of the most familiar figures on the so-called "Great White Way." His intimate knowledge of "Broadway life" in its every phase permits him to throw a sharp, differentiating light on the actual Broadway panorama and the "Broadway life" of fiction. The ubiquity of the latter subject in the recent fiction makes the printing of this interview doubly opportune.



HE word Broadway in fiction stands for only one thing — dissipation. The phrase "Broadway life" in fiction stands for dissipation interpreted by dazzling show girls (they are always "dazzling"), millionaire youths of bloodless countenances (they are always millionaires and their faces are always pale), lobsters, champagne, cigarettes, taxicabs, shaded electroliers, seductive music and the other members of the overworked cast of the fiction stock company of Broadway. To the uninitiated novel reader in, let us say, Omaha, Broadway must seem a river of wine upon the surface of which there floats gay craft bound straight for the great fire resort. After a sufficient amount of reading, he cannot but believe that Broadway was given its name in contradistinction to the Narrow Path, that the easy road to Avernus starts at Twenty-third Street and becomes more and more facile as it nears Longacre Square, that the spectacle of a man and woman seated at a restaurant table close to midnight indicates the presence near at hand of the ogre of degradation, and that there is no surer way for a bank cashier to get a start on his way to Canada than by being seen on Broadway after the sun goes down.

To any man in a position like mine, these novels containing pictures of alleged "Broadway life" are mightily interesting. There is nothing like one of them to cure me of the blues. The funniest theatrical farce cannot give me half the amusement. I have been on Broadway in the course of my different pursuits long enough to get at least a definite peep back of its scenes and, while I do not care to argue against the fact that "Broadway life" is not always as "homelike" as it might be, I can say with positiveness, from the light of my own first-hand knowledge, that the general atmosphere of fiction Broadway is full of tiring humidity.

Oddly enough (and who would guess it after reading the novels?), Broadway restaurants are intended and used as places where persons may get something to eat—also to drink, if they wish. Not every one who enters a Broadway restaurant at night is on dissipation bent. Some, and not a few, are hungry, really, truly, honestly hungry. Would you ever believe it! For one broiled lobster, a Broadway restaurant sells six Porterhouse steaks and for one order of paté de fois gras, it will sell twenty orders of poached eggs. Furthermore, go into the Broadway restaurant of fiction and you behold a gay, singing, laughing, chatting crowd of jewel-decked women with crimson souls, accompanied by puffy-eyed men with crimson noses. Every one is "toasting" every one else in champagne, and the popping of corks drowns the orchestra. In the "Broadway life" of fiction, the popping of corks is as inevitable as are the "dimpled waters of the blue Mediterranean" in the hammock love stories. If you lay down your novel of Broadway life, however, and go into the

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average real restaurant, a vastly different spectacle will greet your eyes. The popping of a single cork at a far table will cause a considerable number in that portion of the crowd within hearing distance to turn around in unsophisticated astonishment and semi-delight. They have read of cork-popping; they realise it is a necessary part of the picture; they are pleased to see this touch of "Broadway life"—and they turn back in contentment to sip their own beer. Let us look further into "Broadway life" and analyse the usual actual crowd that does its share toward vivifying the phrase. In the first place, how gay is it? How "singing," "laughing" and "chatting" is it? Generally speaking, there are only two times in an evening when "Broadway life" even remotely earns any of these characterisations. It is "singing" when the orchestra plays "Dixie" and it is "chatting" when one of its number is called to notice by the head-waiter for being too "gay." Such a warning to desist invariably causes the hungry crowd to indulge in rattling, staccato critical chatter. Being "gay" on Broadway in real life is not such an easy accomplishment.

What, too, about the "actresses," "millionaires," "race-track men," "Wall Street men," and the rest of the coterie of restaurant Broadway, in fiction? I can best answer by referring you to the make-up of an average after-theatre restaurant crowd, the one in this restaurant now, for example. You know who that couple is, don't you? Yes, Jones, the automobile salesman, with Mrs. Jones. At the next table, you see Adams, Smith and Robinson, newspapermen off duty, who have stopped in for their usual ham and eggs and beer. Over there is Johnson, the book-maker. That's Cohen, his partner, with him. You don't see any "actresses" with them, you say? No, they usually eat alone. Once in a while Johnson comes in with Mrs. Thompson, his sister-in-law, at whose home he has been boarding since his wife died, and once in a while Cohen does bring Tootsie Tippletoes, of the Casino, along to supper. Tootsie's real name is Becky Abrams, you know. She's Cohen's brother's wife, and when brother is off "on the road" for the cloak and suit house Cohen occasionally takes Becky out for a meal.

Over there at the corner table is Blinks, who wrote the popular song, "When the Moon Shines in the Sky, It Surely Cannot Rain." That's Lucy Easton, the vaudeville singer, with him. I was sitting at their table before you came in and Blinks was talking over a new song he has just written for her, but Miss Easton says she wouldn't consider it for a minute unless she gets a thousand dollars down at the start for "pushing" the composition. They look like a very romantic and very gay Broadway couple from here, but they are really bickering over the song and the amount she wants to be given to sing it. That care-free, spontaneous merriment you hear emanating from her side of the table follows some such exclamation on her part as: "Sing it for nothing, Blinks! Go on, you make me laugh!"

Where are the dazzling footlight queens and the millionaires who are always with them, in fiction? I'll tell you. Most of the "dazzling queens" are home cooking something over an oil stove and most of the millionaires are home in bed. Oh yes, you do see some of them around once in a while. There, for instance, is Allison, at the third table. He had quite a lot of money left him by his father and he is going through it pretty fast, but he is scarcely a millionaire. Who is the homely, shoddy girl with him, you ask? That's a show girl in *The King of Calicoland*. That couple is the nearest approach to the "dazzling show girl and blasé millionaire" that you will find in this place.

There; see that party coming in now! The two ladies are exquisitely gowned, aren't they, and the men in evening clothes are typical of the sort known as "about town." To let you into their secret, the tall fellow is a wine agent for "Green Seal Brut" and the dark chap with him is the agent for "Cleopatra Cork-tip" cigarettes. The ladies are employed by Madame Cerise, the famous modiste, to display her latest ideas in gowns in the restaurants. They are pretty well paid for their work, too. Presently, you will see the party sit down at that table in the very middle of the

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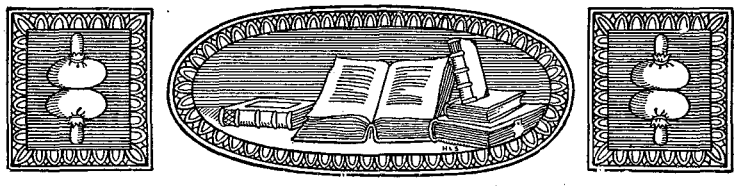
restaurant, where all can see them. The wine agent reserves that special table for four nights in every week. And presently you will hear him call in a loud voice for "Green Seal Brut" and the party will indulge in its regular cut-and-dried merriment. It is business with them, just as it is a shoe clerk's business to impress you the shoes in his shop are the best on the market. The champagne man is thus craftily advertising his brand of champagne, the girls are silently advertising the latest modes of their employer, and the cigarette man, who calls for his brand of cigarettes in perfectly audible tones and then throws the packages, labels up, on the table, where all near can see them, is slyly "pushing" his own goods. Yet how different it all seems if you do not, cannot look behind the scenes. What a gay party it makes and yet what a hollow sham it really is.

In fiction, the wages of "Broadway life" is death. The central male character in the narrative, a man of "brilliant prospects," feels the lure of Broadway, heeds it, and forthwith begins shooting gradually down the toboggan of virtue. In fiction, if this same man enters Fifth Avenue, he ends up on page 325 by marrying the heiress and living ever after in the manner to which he has not been accustomed. On Broadway, alas, a revolver, a leaking gas jet, or carbolic acid marks his last appearance in print and otherwise. Broadway in the novels stands for beckoning sin. Does a novelist never consider the fact that there are hundreds of stores, offices and shops on this busy thoroughfare; that it is not entirely a gorge of "gay resorts"; that sometimes the sun shines on it; that it is the greatest business street in America; and that the real, true Broadway life is not Broadway life at all, but rather out-of-town life on Broadway? Broadway's laughter comes from the mouths of the visitors lingering temporarily within its gates; Broadway wickedness, where it exists, is most often to be traced to Chicago, Boston and Milwaukee in urbe, so to speak. Of course, fairness insists that admission be made of the sporadic instances of the actual presence of "Broadway life" on Broadway—on New Year's eve and election night, for example—but save for an intermittent outbreak in the times between, the Broadway panorama is quite prosaic, quite usual and of quite normal temperature. The "baleful influence" of Broadway may, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, be analysed as four highballs. In the hundredth case, it may be analysed as five. Fiction superstitions to the contrary, there is not much hypnosis in Broadway's electric lights, no fatal lure in its "gay moving throng," no seductiveness in "the laughter of its women." Broadway is simply the Coney Island of night-time New York, where some of the people play a bit, eat a bit, drink a bit, talk, sing and laugh a bit—and get a bit dizzy. But the dizziness imparted by Broadway is no more fatal than the dizziness that comes from riding on a gaudily painted merry-go-round, and people on Broadway, as on the merry-go-round, usually finish just where they start. The greatest "degradations" suffered are late hours, a full stomach, and the memory of a more or less good time. It is all very innocent, very innocuous and not ruinously expensive. You can even get a big, well-broiled lobster for about a dollar, you know!



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LITTLE BALLADS OF TIMELY WARNING

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

II. On Malicious Cruelty to Harmless Creatures

The cruelty of P. L. Brown—
(He had ten toes as good as mine)
Was known to every one in town,
And, if he never harmed a noun,
He loved to make verbs shriek and whine.

The "To be" family's just complaints—
(Brown had ten toes as good as mine)
Made Brown cast off the last restraints:
He smashed the "Is nots" into "Ain'ts"
And kicked both mood and tense supine.

Infinitives were Brown's dislike—
(Brown, as I said, had ten good toes)
And he would pinch and shake and strike
Infinitives, or, with a pike,
Prod them and then laugh at their woes.

At length this Brown more cruel grew—
(Ten toes, all good ones, then had Brown)
And to his woodshed door he drew
A young infinitive and threw
The poor, meek creature roughly down,

And while the poor thing weakly flopped,
Brown (ten good toes he had, the brute!)
Got out his chopping block and dropped
The martyr on it and then propped
His victim firmly with his boot.

He raised his axe! He brandished it!
(Ye gods of grammar, interpose!)
He brought it down full force all fit
The poor infinitive to split—
* * * * *
(Brown after that had but six toes!)

WARNING

Infinitives, by this we see,
Should not be split too recklessly.

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THE HEROINE AND HER CLOTHES

BY EDNA KENTON

HEN the novelists enter temporarily the realm of the fashion writer and drape some "Daily Hint from Paris" upon Margaret or Dolly or Gwendolyn they are likely to be making either a frank appeal to the sensuously inclined or a subtle appeal to the psychologist. Now and then the appeal may seem nothing but an impassioned—and futile—one to the illustrator, who, heedless of the elaborate or impressionistic treatment of costume, casts upon Margaret, who should wear a street suit, the luxurious opera cloak of Gwendolyn. But whatever the novelist's "motivation" of their sartorial excursions, there are countless plums in the Teufelsdröckhian pudding, and if not the plums, at least the flavour.

For examples of sartorial plums, large, juicy and delicious, one has but to cast his eye upon almost any page of Robert Chambers's novels and read what follows. As, for instance, in *The Fighting Chance,* where Sylvia is attired in:

"—khaki, with its buttoned pockets, gun pads, Cossack cartridge loops, and the tan knee kilts hanging, heavily pleated, over gaiters and little thick-soled shoes." Also there are shooting gloves, for in the next paragraph she pulls them off.

Again behold Sylvia, this time in her boudoir, standing in her drenched riding habit before the fire. "She flung her wet skirt and coat from her, and stood like some slender youth in riding breeches and shirt—her boots and the single spur sparkling in the firelight." And an hour later, fresh from her perfumed bath, luxurious in loose and filmy lace, her small white feet shod with silk, she lunches, except for the wide-eyed Young Person who reads, alone.

Geraldine strikes her gait early in the pages of *The Danger Mark,* when she makes her demand in person to the Half-Moon Trust Company assembled: "Can I have what other women have, silk underwear and stockings—real lace on my nightgowns and plenty of it! Can I have suitable gowns and furs, and have my hair dressed properly!" She could and she did. There is a fancy-dress ball in *The Danger Mark,* where men deport themselves on "flower-embroidered" grey and purple and violet court dresses and ladies float in blossom-embroidered panniers and loup masks, and there is a "demon red" court costume and, incidentally, much trouble. Also Geraldine in one chapter wears a skeeing costume: "—white wool from collar to knee kilts, with her thick clustered hair flying." One young Mr. Ruthven in *The Younger Set* is hardly a heroine, but he is more certainly not a hero, and his negligées are worth while, for he seems to lounge most of his way through the book. Once he is in a "—lounging suit of lilac silk, sashed in with flexible silver," and again he wears "pale rose pajamas under a silk and silver kimono, an ibi pierced with a jewelled scarf pin, and he was smoking a cigarette as thin as a straw." In Mr. Chambers's pages there are verbal photographs of swimming costumes and skating costumes and ball and boudoir gowns, and even lingerie—with electric hair-drying machines and none but silk-shod men and women, and cigars balanced delicately in gloved fingers, and satin slippers pattering. It is believed that in that novel which is to succeed *Ailsa Paige* as the sun the dawn, the very latest, and at once almost the earliest aviator's costume, will be worn by the heroine.

David Graham Phillips runs Mr. Chambers a close second in his use of dress for decorative purposes. We have hardly recovered from the bathtub cult Mr. Phillips seemed to be forcing upon the great unwashed West in *The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig,* and although Margaret is bathed and groomed and dressed elaborately, it is Joshua and his struggles with Cleanliness as exemplified in Grant Arkwright that we consider longest. Arkwright, by the way, had a roomful of shirts, another of clothes,

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seventy or eighty suits, not counting extra trousers, and accessories in superabundance. Of Margaret we learn that she had "three or four dozen expensive dresses a year, and hats and lingerie and everything in proportion." "Her spring dress was of pale green, suggesting the draperies of the islands of enchantment. Its lines coincided with the lines of her figure. Her hat, trimmed to match, formed a magic halo for her head." Again: "She was in a walking costume of pale blue, scrupulously neat, perfect to the smallest detail."

Here is a bit of Margaret's devotion to the cult of the tub:

> Then came her bath. This was no hurried plunge, drying and away, but a long and elaborate function at which Selina assisted. There had to be water of three temperatures; a dozen different kinds of brushes, soaps, towels, and other apparatus assisted. When it was finished Margaret's skin glowed and shone, was soft and smooth and exhaled a delicious odour of lilacs. During the exercises Selina had been busy getting ready the clothes for the day—everything fresh throughout, and everything delicately redolent of the same essence of lilacs with which Selina had rubbed her from hair to tips of fingers and feet. The clothes were put on slowly, for Margaret delighted in the feeling of soft silks and laces being drawn over her skin.

Mr. Phillips has a penchant for pale green. Witness in *The Hungry Heart:* "He was admiring her pale green chiffon dress that left the slender column of her throat—," etc. "She was wearing a big, pale green garden hat, and her hair was perfectly done, as always." Again, as a child, "dressed in her best, in white frock —with shimmering sash of pale green and bows of pale green on her braids."

Toward the latter third of the book Courtney degenerates: "She got herself together in any old way in the mornings, took to breakfasting in bed. Wrinkled stockings had been her special abhorrence, as she was proud of her slim, tapering legs; now she habitually went the whole day without garters." It is hard to believe. Garters she may have lacked —and the initiative to procure others—but there is always lurking in a bureau drawer an old ribbon, a bit of string. Young women heretofore immaculately groomed may fall from grace to the extent of permitting themselves gaping placquets and unbuttoned blouses and stringy hair, but the horrid sense of falling to pieces that no garters gives one—never!

Mr. Phillips's *chef-d'œuvre,* however, is this: "Courtney looked admiringly at Sarah's long, willowy figure and striking costume—sunshade and hat, dress and stockings and ties—all of various cool, harmonious shades of red!" That blaring, screaming colour against which neurologists are warning all humanity—cool! Courtney, too, takes baths and breathing exercises and Gallatin wears "beautiful striped linen pajamas, monogrammed in grey, and faintly perfumed with lavender."

Mr. George Barr McCutcheon, unlike these two confrères, nimbly sidesteps sartorial descriptions. From the beginning, that is to say, in *Graustark,* he seems to have adopted a certain vagueness that gives free play to the imagination of his undaunted readers. When the princess first appears, in the wilds of Denver or thereabouts, to be slightly vague ourselves: "They were all dressed in travelling suits which suggested something foreign, but not Vienna nor Paris, but far from American tastes." Later he was puzzled, having seen the princess last "in white," to behold her in "a garment of some dark material suggestive of the night or the green of a shady hillside." It may have been a purple dress, since that is what artists paint in for shady hillsides. This, by the way, is the boldest flight Mr. McCutcheon makes into fashion's realm. Elsewhere the princess wears "—the blue coat but not the blue cap. A jaunty sailor hat sat where the never-to-be-forgotten cap had perched." Also: "She wore an exquisite gown of white, shimmering with reflections from the moon that scaled the mountains." And later yet: "Pages carried the train of her dress, a jewelled gown of black."—The court was in mourning, by the way. Jane Cable sits: "—well-groomed and graceful—straight and sure upon the box, her gloved hands grasping the reins," and that is about all, in a detailed way, of Jane. Beverly is attired, once in "white," and

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for Beverly too, except for gloved hands and hatted head now and then, that is about all. Mr. McCutcheon advances, pen in hand, upon the innermost holies of court life in all the Zenda kingdoms, but before the modiste's doors its points deflect and it refuses to write.

O. Henry had a facile pen for descriptions, coupled with an inaccuracy that sometimes pains. As in *The Trimmed Lamp,* when Nancy says of her "plain, dull olive jacket," "This jacket has exactly the cut and fit of one that Mrs. Van Alstyne Fisher was wearing the other day—the material cost me $3.98." The cost of material matters least of all—if Nancy could cut and fit so, or could pay for such a cut and fit, she need not be the virtuous young clerk that she is pictured. In the same tale survey Lou: "She is clothed in a badly fitting purple dress, and her hat plume is four inches too long, but her ermine muff and scarf cost $25, and its fellow-beasts will be ticketed in the windows at $7.98 before the season is over. Nancy has the high-ratted pompadour and the exaggerated straight front. Her skirt is shoddy, but has the correct flare. No furs protect her against the bitter spring air, but she wears her short broadcloth jacket as jauntily as though it were Persian lamb."

O. Henry was at his best in impressionistic work: of a fortune teller—"a fat woman inside a red jumper with pothooks and beasties embroidered on it; of the temporarily deserted husband gazing at the ruins—"On the chair hung the red wrapper with the black dots that she always wore while getting the meals"; of the bride—"She's up at the flat—she cooked eggs this morning in a blue kimono—Lord, how lucky I am!" of the "crack model," of the blonde type known as medium, who tried on "princess gowns in the light shades," and an evening gown of "lavender and tulle." Lavender what? the buyer from Cactus City might have asked, and the model could have told him, if O. Henry could not. Dulcie, in "An Unfinished Story," is pictured in detail: "—the dark blue dress fitting without a wrinkle, the hat with its jaunty black feather, the but slightly soiled gloves, all representing self-denial, even of food itself." Of the two brides in "The Golden Circle" he writes: "Pale blue is the bride's colour and this colour she had honoured. A useless strip of white chaf—oh, no, he was guiding the auto car—of white chiffon—or perhaps it was grenadine or tulle, was tied beneath her chin, pretending to hold her bonnet in place, but you know as well as I do that hat pins did the work." There was the other bride "in a loose tan jacket and a straw hat adorned with grapes and roses. Only in dreams and milliners' shops do we gather grapes and roses at one swipe."

Here are two contrasting portraits, both stenographers: "She forewent the pomp of the alluring pompadour. She wore no chains, bracelets or lockets. She had not the air of being about to accept an invitation to luncheon. Her dress was grey and plain, but it fitted her figure with fidelity and discretion. In her neat black turban hat was the gold-green wing of a macaw." And of the lady about to take her place: "A high rolled fringe of golden hair under a nodding canopy of velvet and ostrich tips, and imitation seal-skin sacque, and a string of beads as large as hickory nuts, ending near the floor with a silver heart. There was a self-possessed young lady connected with these accessories, and Pilcher was there to construe her."

Gertrude Atherton always dresses her heroines carefully. In *The Californians* she gowns Magdelena in brown tweed with dashes of scarlet, in fawn camel's hair, in a dinner gown of pale blue with bunches of scarlet poppies, and a ball gown of ivory gauze—the deepest shade that could be called white. She dresses Tiny Montgomery in a white embroidered nainsook and a leghorn covered with feathers, and Helena in a white tulle gown made with half a dozen skirts. Of Isabelle, in *Ancestors,* she says: "Had she been on her way to a tryst with Lord Hexam she would have thrust a rose in her hair, accentuated the smallness of her waist with a blue ribbon, the whiteness of her throat with a line of black velvet; but she had the instinct of dress, which teaches, among other things, that self-consciousness in external adornment provokes amusement in other women." Later she invests Isabelle in white tulle

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upon whose floating surface were a few dark blue lilies.

In *Tower of Ivory* Helene von Wass wears pale green tulle, water lilies, and many pearls. Margarethe is clothed in "a modish gown of maize tulle in which the purple lilies seemed to grow;" and later she wears a white organdie frock sprigged with violets, flounced and full, the bodice crossed by a Marie Antoinette fichu tied loosely at the back, with a lavender ribbon in her hair. Again she wears a tea gown of mignonette green velvet.

William Locke revelled in the symbolic when he dressed Lola for her various appearances in *Simon the Jester*. He gives her "an indoor dress of brown and gold striped India silk" that clung to her figure. "Dark bronze hair and dark eyes that glowed with deep gold reflections completed the pantherine suggestion." Again: "—a great, powerful, sinuous creature of sweeping curves, clad in a clinging brown dress, her head crowned with superb brown hair, two warm arms bare to the elbow, at which the sleeve ended in coffee-coloured lace." "She wore a closely fitting brown dress, which in colour matched the bronze of her hair." "She wore the black blouse and skirt with which I have not yet been able to grow familiar, as it robbed her of that peculiar fascinating quality which I have tried to suggest by the word pantherine." And by the garments pantherine!

In *Septimus* Wigglestick stands for clothes, and they of the masculine order. Zora and Emmy are "coated and veiled" and Septimus's gift of the hat of purple feathers and green velvet and roses has two paragraphs. Otherwise Mr. Locke seems unmoved before fashion's demands.

Robert Herrick also indulges in symbolic dressing in *A Life for a Life*. Alexandra, evidently the Goddess of Gold, is given golden hair and is almost imperiously arrayed by her creator in "white with bands of gold about her waist and bosom and a gold wreath in her yellow hair." Again "in silk with thread of gold," with a girdle of gold and "a wreath of pure gold." Only one day did she adorn herself in "rare colours with many jewels," and even then "her golden hair was bound with a band of dull gold."

In *Together* there is more dress and less symbolism, but not much detail. "Isabelle, in a Paris gown that gave due emphasis to her pretty shoulders and thin figure"; Mrs. Conry, "rather bizarrely dressed in a white and gold costume she had designed herself with a girdle of old stones strung loosely about her waist." There is one rather odd touch in giving two women morning gowns of—of all possible colours to choose from—black! The last colour for a woman's boudoir dress!

Mrs. Wharton suggests clothes but describes them hardly at all. Her heroines are clothed in the very essence of the crucial instances through which they move, and details are taken for granted. In that remarkable picture of Lily Bart posing as "Mrs. Lloyd," almost a page is consumed in the painting, but "pale draperies" is the only reference to dress in the paragraphs. Mrs. Dorset, in *The House of Mirth*, glitters in serpentine spangles and appears in "a combination of sable and point de Milan." Lady Cressada Raith is "a weather-beaten person in Liberty silk and ethnological trinkets." Of Mrs. Penniston is written: "Her clothes always looked excessively new and yet slightly old fashioned. They were always black and tightly fitting, with an expensive glitter; she was the kind of woman who wore jet at breakfast." In the collections of short stories one Mrs. Linton trails her Doucet draperies up and down the place, and Mrs. Waythorne looks singularly soft and girlish in her rosy pale dress against the dark leather of an arm-chair. But, probably because the spirit is more than matter and the psychological attitude finer than fine raiment, Mrs. Wharton does not give her readers the latest thing in hunting suits or motor coats.

Winston Churchill in *A Modern Chronicle* clothes Honora in "a wonderful coat and hat of dark green velvet," in "a simple summer silk of soft and glowing pink," in "furs of silver fox over a mauve afternoon gown," in "an evening gown the colour of a rose-tinted cloud," in a pink dressing gown, and having thus given us an all-prevailing idea of Honora always in pink except when she is in mauve and green, he lets the matter of clothes go.

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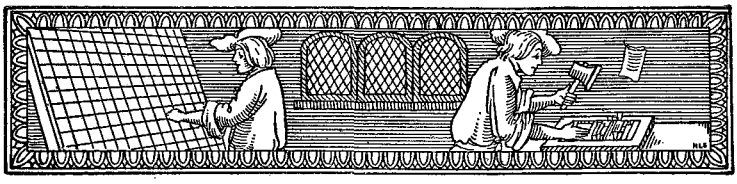
H. G. Wells does not run in the Chambers-Phillips class of fine dressing, perhaps because with him the environment and sociological condition is more than raiment. Ann Veronica upon a time "dressed carefully for dinner in a black dress that her father liked and that made her look serious and responsible." Then she wore "a simple evening gown of soft cream silk with a yoke of dark old embroidery that enhanced the gentle gravity of her style, and her black hair flowed off her forehead to pass under the control of a simple ribbon of silver. A silver necklace enhanced the dusky beauty of her throat." Hardly a successful gown—the dark yoke would have to be handled most discreetly to be made endurable.

In *Tono-Bungay* Aunt Susan wears blue all through the long book. Marion was "very plainly dressed with dark brown hair in a knot on her neck behind. Her plain black dress gave her a starkiness." Later "Marion wore the white raiment of a bride, white silk and satin that did not suit her, that made her seem large and strange to me; she obtruded bows and unfamiliar contours." Of Beatrice, there is nothing except once or twice a loose unbuttoned coat and a "grey, broad brimmed hat," except for the stiff short skirts of her and the slim black legs of her when she was a child, and the children kissed.

Sometimes a single note of colour runs curiously through a book. Galsworthy, like Wells, is apt to leave externals in abeyance. But in *Fraternity* the colour note of "blue-green" rings through the pages. Of Cecilia Dallison, in the first chapter, "Her eyes, which were greenish grey, seemed probing a blue gown to the very heart of its desirability." The Little Model wears "an ill-shaped blouse and a blue-green tam o'shanter cap." Later, under Hilary's directions, she bought "bluey-green" garments plenteously. Cecilia sits through another chapter beside a Persian blue hearth, wearing a Persian green blouse with sleeves that would have hidden her slim hands but for silver buttons made in the likeness of little roses at her wrists." Bianca has a blue scarf and Thyme a bright blue dress.

Hichens handles dress masterfully. Many of his descriptions are carefully wrought out studies of foreign dress, obviously for "atmosphere." But when Hichens gives his women clothes, he bestows them generously, he pictures the woman first, usually elaborately—then the dress to match! All through *Felix* the sensuousness of clothes accentuates that book of sensations. In *Bella Donna* he employs dress with the arts that Bella Donna would have used. And in *Flames* Cuckoo Bright is an unforgettable creation in all the careful drawing of her flimsey reds and drooping feathers and shabby finery.

Clothes make the novel, sometimes. It is rather interesting, however, to see how little ephemeral detail matters when the canvas is big and the brush is held by one who sees beyond.



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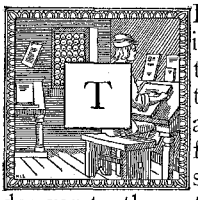
SIGNIFICANT PLAYS OF THE RECENT LONDON SEASON

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON



THAT atmosphere of artistocracy which environs the experience of going to the theatre in London, and which is so delightful to the sitter in the stalls, is not without its danger to the art of the dramatist. It is true that the theatres of London are more tastefully managed than the theatres of New York; and it is also true that London plays are better acted as a whole. I say *as a whole,* because the best actors of both countries stand very nearly on a level and leading parts are usually no better performed in England than they are in America; but in casting and presenting minor and contributory parts, the British are far and away in advance of us. Probably (to look at the matter from the managerial standpoint) it is easier to cast a play well in London than it is in New York, because the salaries of good supporting actors are only a third as large; but whatever the reason may be, the spectator in a London theatre is seldom offended by bad acting in a subsidiary part, and witnesses not infrequently a performance that is well-nigh perfect from one end of the cast of characters to the other. During the recent season, for example, the revivals of *Trelawny of the "Wells"* and *The Case of Rebellious Susan* were so superlatively presented as to obliterate in the mind of an American observer all performances of the same plays that he had seen at home. *Chains,* which was produced under the skilful stage-direction of Mr. Dion Boucicault, was also perfectly performed, although there was only one artist in the cast whose name had been heard across the Atlantic. There can be no denying that in the London theatre they do things well—distinctly better, as a whole, than we do them in New York.

But if we shift attention from the art of presentation to the plays themselves that are presented, the balance of credit is all on the other side of the ledger. In any given season, the public of New York is shown a far wider range and variety of plays and a much greater number of dramas of the first importance than the public of London; and if it be true that, in the theatre, the play's the thing, it must be decided that, at the present time, the art of the drama is more vigorous and virile in America than it is in England. To see thirty plays in London, one after another, as I did last June, was to be delighted by innumerable details of acting and of stage-direction and to be charmed by the general atmosphere and conduct of the theatres, but, on the other hand, to be surprised and a little dismayed by the sameness of the presentations and the paucity of real ideas in the great majority of the plays presented.

For the existence of this state of affairs there may possibly be several explanations. One of them, as I suggested at the outset, is that theatre-going in London is one of the functions of Society, in the specially aristocratic sense of that word of many meanings. Now the mind of Society may be distinguished from the mind of humanity at large by its possession in familiar combination of a finely developed taste and a narrowly restricted interest in life. It must be admitted that what Society regards as "the thing" is almost invariably fine; but there are many more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in its philosophy.

Owing to the dominance of the stalls, the most favoured type of play in London is the polite comedy of high-life, witty, fashionable, and with just sufficient spice to give it savour without offence to taste. That admirable comedy by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, *The Case of Rebellious Susan,* which was revived once

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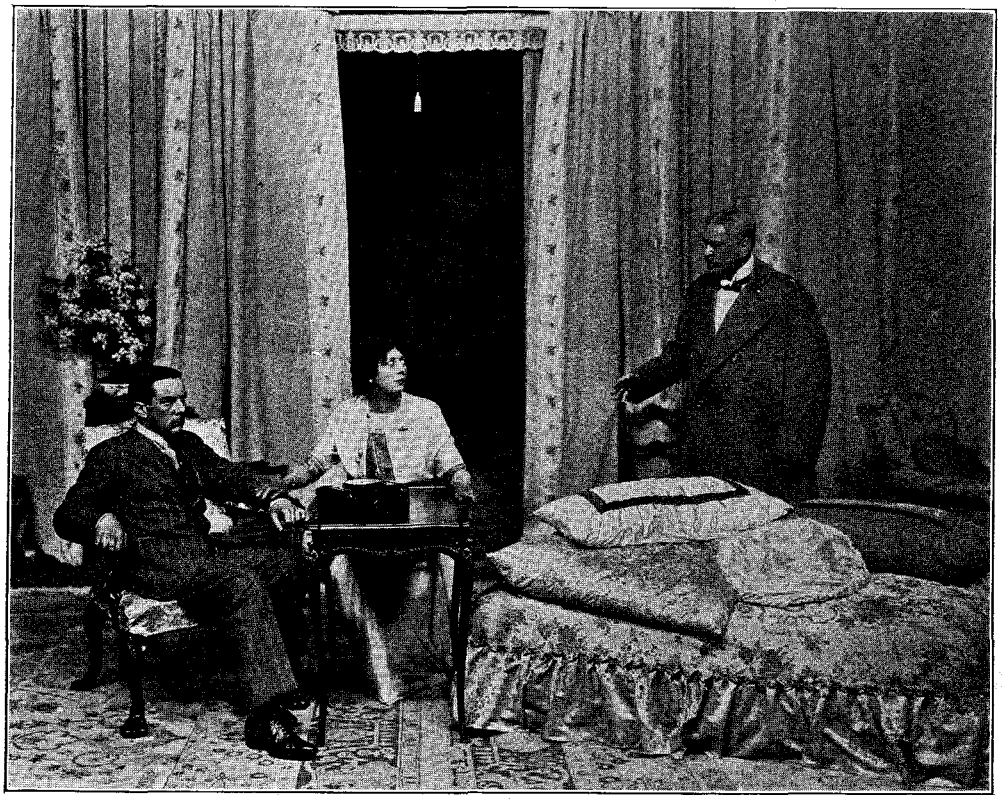
again during the recent season by Sir Charles Wyndham and played, as usual, to crowded houses, may be taken as a definition of what fashionable London likes. The play has urbanity, elegance, witty intrigue, and amusing satire; it smiles pleasantly at the very sort of people who are looking at it from the stalls. But for plays that earnestly represent some phase of life that is incommensurate with their own habitual experience, the Royal of Drury Lane is incomparable. The most recent production at old Drury, a conglomeration called *The Whip,* set forth a railroad wreck which was so thrilling to the eye that it made even the sophisticated auditor grip the arms of his stall as the pit behind him broke into clamorous applause. London also, owing to the personal popularity of several romantic actors like Lewis Waller, Fred Terry, and Martin Harvey, still retains



"GLASS HOUSES." ACT III. GEORGE BEALBY, VIOLET VANBRUGH, AND ARTHUR BOURCHIER

patrons of the stalls evince a laggard interest.

Melodrama they will relish, to be sure, if it be labelled frankly as melodrama and presented in a theatre that is dedicated to that sort of entertainment: to this they go with a smiling condescension, and having gone, enjoy themselves like children. A really good melodrama may nearly always be seen at the Adelphi; and for melodramas of the more frankly childish and mechanical type, the old Theatre an interest in the shallow costume-play of unimaginable adventure that has grown obsolete with us. Mr. Waller recently revived that dear old melodrama of Dennery's (who perpetrated *The Two Orphans*), *Don Caesar de Bazan,* built (with the rugged giant's consent) about that slippery and shiftless character that Victor Hugo introduced in *Ruy Blas;* and it must be confessed that there was something very boyish and appealing in the excitement and bravura of the play. Mr.

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Harvey's melodrama, *The Breed of the Treshams*, by John Rutherford, rose to a real thrill at many moments; but it was difficult for an American critic to understand how Mr. Terry, for all his admirable acting, could still be playing *The Scarlet Pimpernel* after over one thou-

MARYONE MAUDE AS THE TOYMAKER'S DAUGHTER IN AUSTIN STRONG'S "THE TOYMAKER OF NUREMBERG"

sand performances. This concatenation of clap-trap, by the Baroness Orczy and Montague Barstow, is utterly unskilful. Climax after climax is missed, where a little deftness in the handling would have brought about an effective curtain-fall. This melodrama does not play the game; the authors aim astray and miss fire in scene after scene. Mr. Terry is coming to America this autumn; but he will be ill-advised if he opens in this crude and bungling play.

London also enjoys entertaining trivialities; and these are nearly always very deftly done. An example of this type at its best was given by Mr. George Alexander in his revival of *The Importance of Being Earnest*. This clever assemblage of epigrams by Oscar Wilde is still as witty as ever, and as tiresome because of its excess of wit. The swift succession of scintillating lines leaves the auditor no time for hearty laughter. Farces and those pretty little wishy-washy plays that may best be labelled as sweet nothings succeed more easily in London than in New York.

If, then, the typical London audience is interested primarily in plays about typical London people and secondarily in plays about nothing, either of the thrilling or of the rippling type, it will be seen that it is little likely to take to plays that earnestly set forth a study of other sorts and conditions of men. The serious foreign drama is practically excluded from the London stage. This is due, of course, not only to the fact that Society takes very little interest in any sort of life except its own, but even more to that insularity of mind which is characteristic of the British public at large and which shows itself emphatically in a British theatre-audience.

An instance of this insularity was given in the production, by Arthur Bourchier and Violet Vanbrugh, of *Glass Houses*, "adapted" by Kenneth Barnes from the *Connais-toi* of Paul Hervieu. This is the same play that Mr. Arnold Daly produced last winter in New York under the title of *Know Thyself*. Like most of the pieces of M. Hervieu, it is an intimate study of an intricate psychological entanglement, the action passing inside the characters rather than outside them and resulting, without pronounced external action, in a revolution of their souls. *Connais-toi* is, to people who are interested in the psychology of human relations, a very interesting play. It is, however, peculiarly French, in that the particular entanglement it analyses could occur only in a French family. Shift the scene to any other country and you rob the play of truth. In London the piece was presented in a straight translation, almost line for line; but the characters

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were all given British names and the programme stated that the action happened in a "house near Salisbury." Actors wearing British uniforms and behaving with carefully elaborated British mannerisms read lines which formulated thoughts and suggested underlying emotions that were essentially and absolutely French. The result was that travesty of the serious social drama, a play without a country. Yet I was told in London that the case was typical, and that the London audience will rarely accept a French play unless the actors pretend that it is British.

In America we imagine France or Germany or Norway, or whatever national environment is necessary to the understanding and enjoyment of an earnest play. Our public prides itself on knowing what manner of people live in other lands beyond the sea; but the British public does not care to look across the Straits of Dover. I think it not unfair to say that they wear their insularity proudly, like a badge. At tea one afternoon in the house of an eminent and very gracious man of letters I was introduced to an elderly lady of considerable culture whose husband was a member of Parliament. She asked me if Kentucky were in New England; and when I explained with careful courtesy that it was not, she seemed a little proud of her ignorance of American geography. Later in the conversation I contrived to say something that indicated a belief that Lincoln was in Yorkshire; and though my deliberate error was a matter of less than fifty miles, she corrected me with a great pity for my ignorance. Most English people expect foreigners to know all about England, but see no reason whatsoever why they themselves should know anything about any other country.

I have stated this point emphatically, and even a little ungraciously, because it goes far toward explaining a peculiar feature of the interchange of plays between England and America. In America we accept the plays of Pinero, Jones, Barrie, Shaw, and the other British dramatists with no sense at all that they are foreign, and we have no difficulty in understanding the purely local features of them. But our own serious studies of American life seem too foreign to interest a London audience. In London *The Witching Hour* would indubitably fail; it is too carefully localised in Kentucky and in Washington, and the London public would not understand the slang of the delectable gambler. How is it, one wonders, that the American public of the second class manages to understand the coster-songs of the great Chevalier? The only American plays that succeed in London are plays that are not really about American life. *Alias Jimmy Valentine* was successful during the recent season, because it was a good story-telling melodrama, and so little attempt was made to preserve the atmosphere of the American *locale* that Mr. Gerald du Maurier wrote a letter with a quill pen in the office of the bank in Springfield, Illinois! The only other play by an American author that saw the footlights in London for a regular run during the recent season was that essentially unsound fabric of sentimentality and hysterical religiosity, *The Dawn of a To-morrow.* At a series of special matinees, Mr. Cyril Maude performed Mr. Austin Strong's dainty and tender little idyll, *The Toymaker of Nuremberg;* and the piece succeeded, after its failure in New York, because it was immeasurably better acted. But these few American products were not really representative of our promising and growing art; and it seems a pity that the London public should be constitutionally debarred from seeing and appreciating the best contemporary American plays as our own public sees and appreciates the best contemporary British.

Of plays that succeed in one country after having failed in the other, it seems that London prefers the more trivial among them and that New York prefers the more serious and meaningful. Two of the reigning successes in London during the recent season were *Tantalising Tommy,* a version of the very light comedy that failed in New York under the title of *The Richest Girl,* and *Priscilla Runs Away,* a version of the same story as *The Cottage in the Air,* that cast a gloom upon our spirits at the opening of the New Theatre in New York. In defence of London taste it must be stated that both of these pieces were very much

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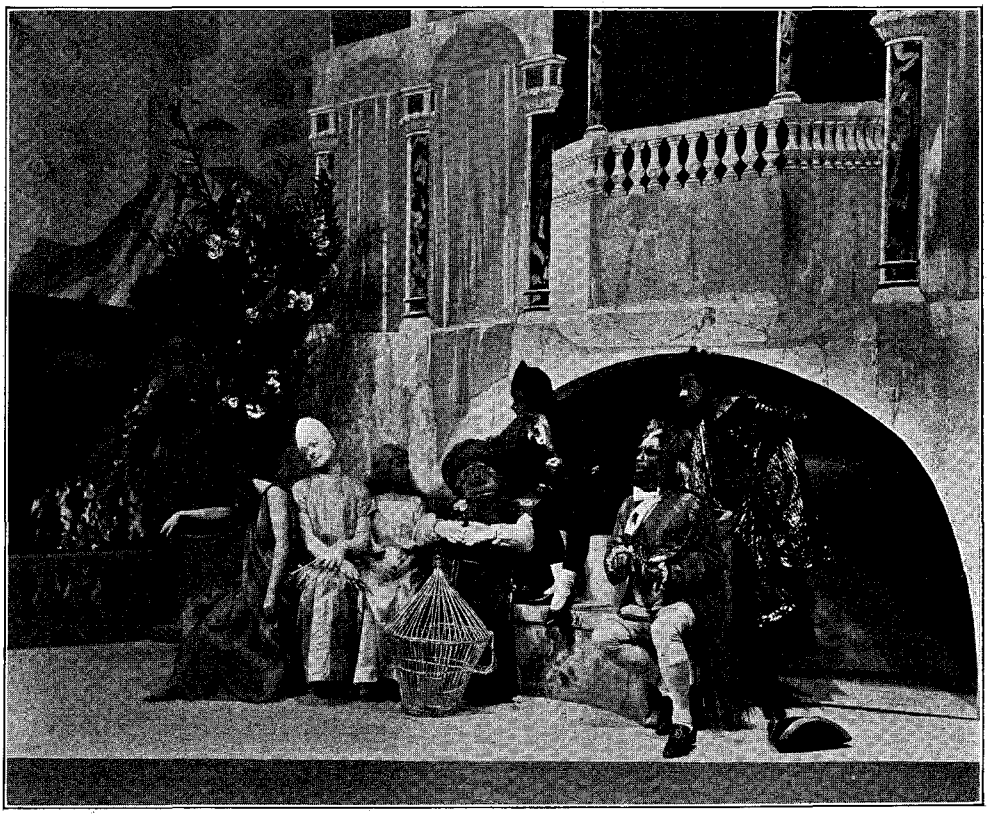
better acted in their British than in their American presentations. *Priscilla* was carried by the rare talents of Miss Neilson-Terry, a young and beautiful actress of extraordinary promise, though the stage-director and the actors knew and admitted freely that it was a very shallow play. It seemed strange to an American observer that the London public should be so lightly pleased. On the other side of the ledger, we must remember that of



"THE BLUE BIRD." SCENE 2. THE PALACE OF THE FAIRY BÉRYLUNE. CHARACTERS (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) WATER, SUGAR, MILK, BREAD, CAT, DOG, FIRE.

British failures that have succeeded subsequently in America we may count to our credit such masterpieces as *Mid-Channel*.

The immediate future for the art of the dramatist is more promising in America than it is in England, not because we have better talent, for I think on the whole that we have not so good, but because we have better audiences.

The London public is aristocratic; ours is democratic. The London public is insular; ours is cosmopolitan and catholic. The London public is conservative and habitual; ours is eager for the new and true. Lest this statement should seem dictated by a patriotic prejudice, I may be permitted to say that it expresses the opinion of most of the eminent dramatists and critics in London at the present time. Critics like Mr. William Archer, dramatists like Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and Mr. Rudolf Besier, both said to me that the outlook for the drama was more promising in America, because it was more easy to interest our audiences in a wide range of serious dramatic art; and Sir Arthur Pinero, speaking from the point of view of the British dramatists, said, "If it weren't for America, we couldn't keep alive."

Most of the really significant plays of the recent London season have already

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been announced for production in America. It may therefore be worth while to consider them in some detail, both because they are interesting in themselves and because our own public is soon to see them.

THE BLUE BIRD

The greatest of them all is *The Blue Bird,* by Maurice Maeterlinck, a fairy-dream in five acts and ten pictures, which is scheduled to open the autumn season at our New Theatre. In London it was put on tentatively at the Haymarket, under the skilful direction of Mr. E. Lyall Swete, as a sort of Christmas spectacle, in the hope that it would appeal to children and their friends during the season of the winter holidays; but it succeeded beyond expectancy with both young and old and ran to crowded houses till July. Though it is a spiritual panorama rather than a play, it deserves even as a theatric entertainment the popular reception that greeted it in London; and in New York it should serve to make the winter beautiful.

To Tyltyl, who is a little boy, with a younger sister, Mytyl, appears the fairy Bérylune, who gives him a magic diamond to open his eyes. Since the death of the fairies, men no longer see things in their truth nor suspect the miracles that happen all about them; but by the magic of the diamond, Tyltyl is given to see all things not as they actually seem to ordinary eyes but as they really are in their essential nature. In a single phrase, he is given to see the souls of things. As he looks about him, his living-room seems to undergo a wondrous change. The very souls of the dog and the cat, of light and fire, water and milk, bread and sugar, stand living in the place of the actual animals and objects that formerly clothed and hid them from the dimmed eyes of

"THE BLUE BIRD." SCENE 3. TYLTYL AND MYTYL LEAVING THEIR DEAD GRANDPARENTS AND BROTHERS AND SISTERS

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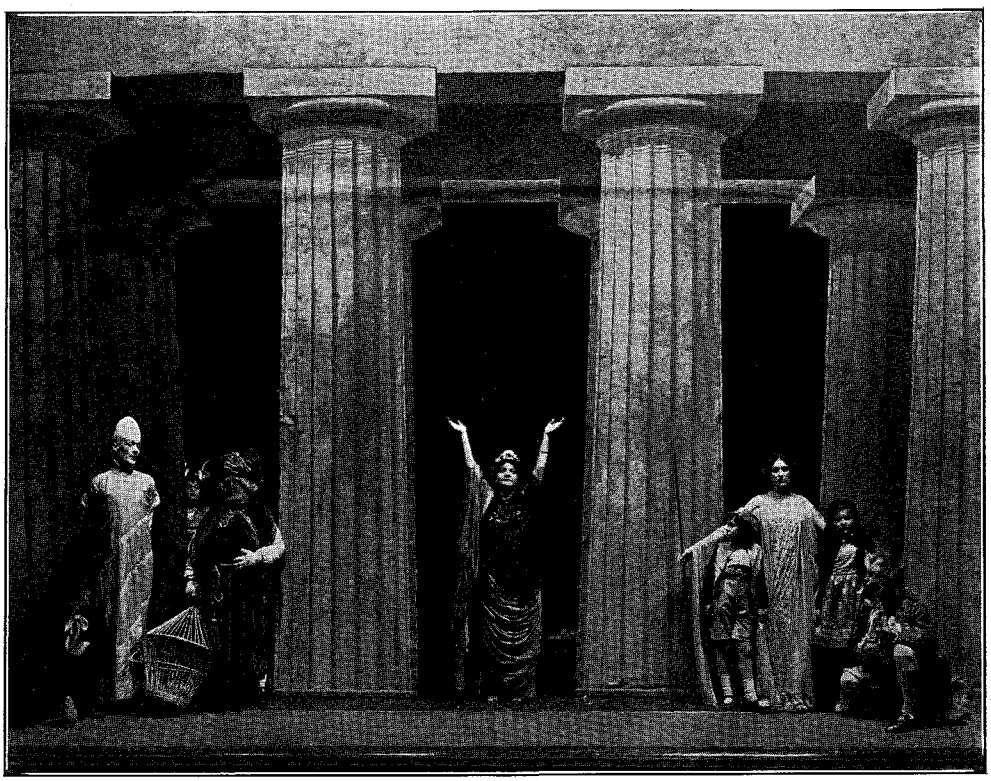
the boy: for Spirit is immanent in Matter; all things in the universe, whether animate or inanimate, have souls as well as we, though we have lost the fairy gift of seeing them; and man is not an isolated sentient creature, cast alone upon the universe like a sailor shipwrecked on a rock at sea, but a member of a vast family of souls all quickened by the same ancestral fire.

thinking of them; and that such a thought wakens them and makes them live so long as it lasts and as often as it recurs. As soon as the living children remember their dead brothers and sisters, the whole troup of them come plunging forth to play, with a ripple of delighted laughter. And the moral of this moving scene is that we should evermore think lovingly of our dead and keep them from falling



"THE BLUE BIRD." SCENE 4. THE PALACE OF NIGHT. CHARACTERS (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) CAT, SUGAR, BREAD, NIGHT, TYLTYL, LIGHT, MYTYL, DOG.

Accompanied by the souls of homely animals and objects, Tyltyl and Mytyl set forth upon the quest of the Blue Bird, which symbolises that secret of all things that are, of which the possession will give to man the perfect happiness. They seek it first amid the Land of Memory. Here they come upon their grandmamma and grandpapa, who have been dead for several years, and who are sleeping peacefully until the thought of the children awakens them. For it appears that all the dead drowse forever in a sweet sleep, except when their friends on earth are asleep in that dim land of memory. Here Tyltyl finds a blue bird; but before he can carry it away, it tarnishes to black.

In the Palace of Night, Tyltyl encounters many mysteries and terrors of the ignorant dark,—spectres, maladies, wars, horrors, and superstitions. The maladies are but a sickly lot; for they have grown afraid of man, because of the winning war that he has waged against them since the discovery of microbes. The superstitions also are dying out; but the wars are more terrible and mighty than in earlier ages. Tyltyl at last discovers a

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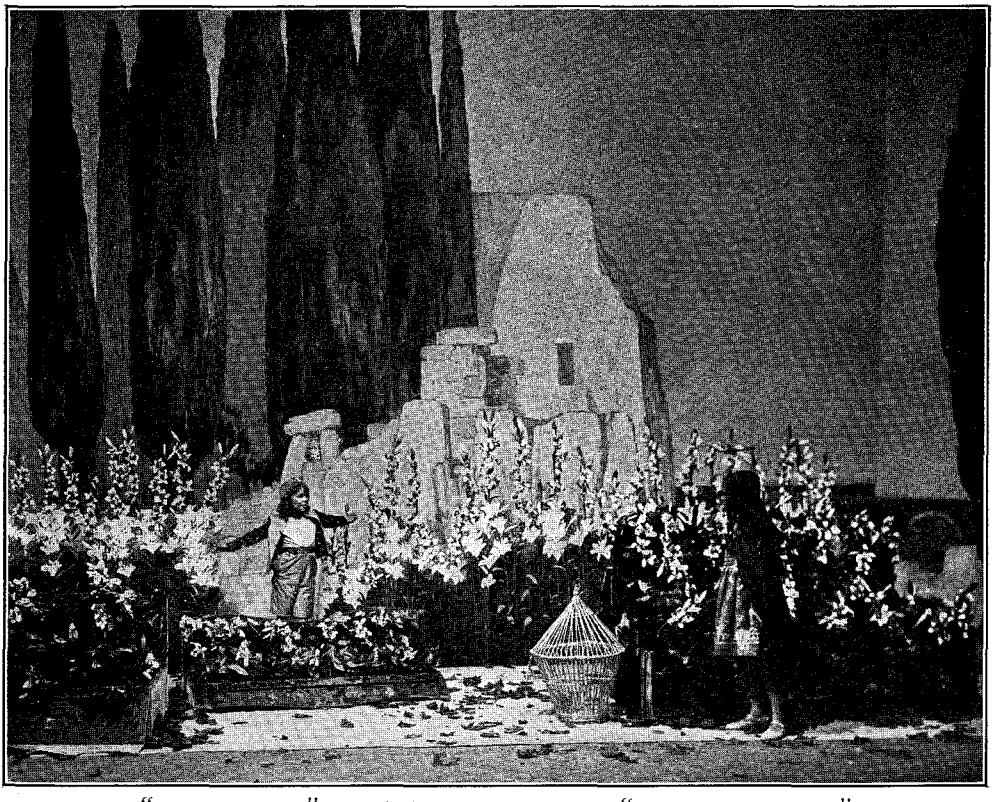
moon-silvery nocturnal chamber, in which millions upon millions of blue birds are fluttering through an atmosphere of dream. As an American poet has said, "They are the proof of all that over-truth our dreams have memory of, that day cannot recall." Tyltyl gathers them by handfuls; but these mere dreams of perfect knowledge and perfect happiness

Then follows the most lyrical and touching scene of the entire phantasy. Tyltyl and Mytyl go to a graveyard in the dark of night, to seek the Blue Bird in the tombs of the buried dead. They have been told that at midnight the graves will yawn and the dead rise spectral from their tombs to look abroad upon the shadowy discarded world. With quiverings



"THE BLUE BIRD" SCENE 7. THE CEMETERY. "THERE ARE NO DEAD."

cannot endure the light—they die before the dawn.

There follows a scene in The Forest, in which the souls of trees and savage animals struggle to exterminate man, in the person of Tyltyl. He is sore beset by the anchored armies of the vegetable kingdom and their wild animal allies. The enemies of man are treacherously aided by the cat; but the dog is faithful to his master and holds the battle in the balance, until the arrival of light, man's greatest friend among the elements, turns the scales and overcomes the terrors of the forest with the dawn.

of terror the children wait the mystic hour. As the twelve slow strokes of midnight reverberate upon the hushed and awful air, the crosses tremble, the tombs yawn, and the slabs lift as if on hinges: but lo! the graveyard suddenly blooms into a bower of a myriad lilies, all shimmering with dew and sung to by the morning-hymns of birds. Mytyl, wandering amid the paradise of song and flower, asks amazedly, "Where are the dead?" and Tyltyl, equally amazed, answers simply, "There are no dead."

The children visit next the Kingdom of the Future, which is inhabited by chil-

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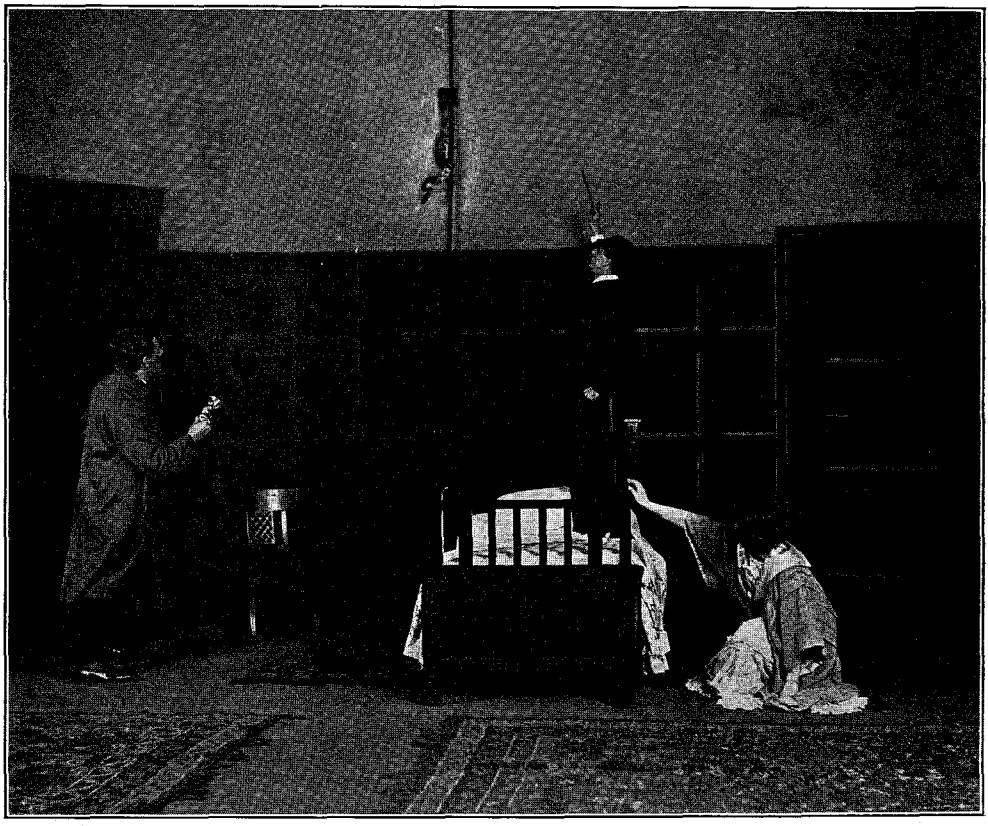
dren waiting to be born. Here everything is coloured heavenly blue, and the souls of the unborn prepare their future labours upon earth and yearn forward for the consummation of the world. It is a scene of magic imagination, with many simple lines that, when we hear them first, sound as if we had heard them before in some pre-existent and forgotten world and make us feel as if our birth were but a sleep and a forgetting.



"THE SPECKLED BAND," BY SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. ACT III. SCENE 2. DR. WATSON, SHERLOCK HOLMES KILLING THE SNAKE, AND EDITH STONER

After all their wanderings the children find the Blue Bird in their little room at home, where it has lived all the while without their noticing that it was blue; but at the last moment it escapes and flies away—to be recovered some day, for Tyltyl now knows the secret of its dwelling-place.

Outwardly, the story thus crudely summarised is merely a fairy-tale for children; inwardly, it is a parable of the relation of man to the other members of the universe, and a shadowing forth of that endless struggle of humanity to grasp the truth that will give the key to all things and will bring that perfect happiness which is perfect peace. In the theatre, only the most obvious aspects of the narrative can be made apparent to the audience; to grasp its deeper philosophic import it is necessary to read the piece, in that simple French of M. Maeterlinck which can never be translated. To read this wondrous work in quietude is to see a panorama of the universe in which the present, past, and future are conterminous —three mystic notes which sing together into the single chord of eternity; it is to see man neither as the master nor as the slave of the universe, but beset on all sides by innumerable brother-souls, some friendly, some inimical, all struggling to express the immanence within them of

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that great Soul that drifts through all things and bids them be; it is to view the vanity of all things, except *the* thing which has never yet been grasped—that ultimate truth whose capture by the seeking soul will put an end to time. *The Blue Bird* is one of the greatest works of imagination that have been achieved in recent years; and to look upon it wisely is to look into the eyes of everything that is.

"CHAINS"

The most significant British play of the recent season was a piece called *Chains,* which was produced at the repertory theatre, the Duke of York's. It was written by Miss Elizabeth Baker, a typist in the *Spectator* office, who was utterly unknown until Mr. Charles Frohman discovered and presented her play. *Chains* is an intimately realistic study of the humdrum, dull, and deadly life of middle-class people in the suburbs of London. The male characters hold small clerkships in town. Every morning, having donned that uniform of servitude, the frock coat and top hat of the office, they hurry for the 8:10 to the City; and every evening they wander home to sit around in boredom. Meanwhile, day after day, their women-folk have been going through the changeless, petty round of the cares and duties of housekeeping. Life is monotonous and wearisome; it has no object, no hope, and no reward. The men want to break free from their chains; but they dare not resign the sure positions that they hold, even though their salaries are small and they can never hope to rise beyond a head-clerkship, even after twenty years of serving. Charlie Wilson takes it into his head to run away and try his fortune in Australia. His mad ambition is discussed pro and con by all his family and friends; and nearly all of them discourage him. His sister-in-law, however, is more courageous than the rest, and spurs his spirit until he is on the very point of going. Then his wife tells him that they are soon to have a child, and he settles back into his chains for the rest of his career.

There is hardly any story to this piece. The plot, indeed, is a negation of action—the very point being to show how it is that nothing can happen to the characters. At every step their wills are thwarted; and for all their yearnings and their struggles, the final curtain leaves them in the very same positions which they held at the opening of the piece. *Chains* is static instead of dynamic; it is, as it were, a struggle of wills with a minus sign in front of them; and yet somehow it has the force of drama. The characters are drawn with unfaltering truthfulness and each is sharply individualised; they form a little group of portraits reft directly out of life. And the dialogue is so real that one does not think of it as dialogue, nor indeed of the actors as actors; the people on the stage seem to be saying those words for the first time, and one feels that the next evening they will express the same thoughts in other words. The illusion of actuality was aided by the superlatively careful stage-direction of Mr. Dion Boucicault and the perfect acting of the repertory company. The performance was a rare thing to see. Mr. Frohman has promised to produce the play in America; and it will probably succeed if it is presented as faithfully as it was done in London. But a single American actor in the cast, for instance, would spoil all of the effect; and if any attempt be made to make the atmosphere of the piece seem less foreign to Americans, the play will surely fail. It must stand or fall as what it is—a *genre* study, as local as a Dutch interior painting, and just as universal in the hints it offers of humanity at large.

"THE PLAY-BOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD"

The players of the Irish National Theatre Society, of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, gave a season of repertory at the Court Theatre in London, which, though not financially successful (because most London people find it difficult to imagine such a place as Ireland), was a rare treat to the poetically minded. The acting of these Irish players is quite incomparable—it is so spontaneous and apparently unstudied. They eschew the usual conventions of stage-direction: they merely stroll upon the stage and *become* the people that they represent. Their performance seems more a matter of living than of acting.

Many of their plays are rather faddish, and indicate a straining for the odd;

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but there is one play, at least, in their repertory which is a literary masterpiece. This is that greatly named comedy by the late J. M. Synge, *The Play-Boy of the Western World*. It is not likely that this rare work will be presented in America; but it has been published, and is accessible to those who care. It is a bit of beautiful reality, irradiated with humour and with poetry. The action passes among the whimsical and dreaming Celtic people on the sea-girt western coast of Ireland, a people untamed and primitive and naive. A young lad with a queer poetic strain in his soul, a subtle compound of wild whim and Celtic melancholy, having endured for a long time the persecutions of his father, suddenly hits him heavily over the head and leaves him dying. He flees to a neighbouring hamlet, where, when he tells that he has killed his father, embroidering the tale of persecution and revolt as he narrates it, he is accepted as a hero and wins the worship of all the girls and women-folk. He falls in love with a lass, who loves him in turn, because of his courage and the romance of his committed murder. Then in strolls his father, scotched but not killed, with bandaged head and brandished stick, to order the boy about. It turns out that the lad is not a hero, after all; his imaginative narrative was based on nothing; he lacks even courage to face his father; and the women who worshipped him now jeer at him in scorn. Goaded to desperation, he strikes his father again, but once more fails to kill him. The lass he loves will now have none of him, and he is doomed to wander forth alone.

This story, which is replete with clever dramatic surprises, will hardly bear summarising. It is all so whimsical; but the whim is made earnest by humanity. At times it has a haunting beauty that is almost sad. And it is wonderfully written. Synge's words somehow seem to have longer memories than those of British and American writers; they remind us of more, and thereby reawaken more of life within us. There is a glow about this whole work which can only be described as mellow. It is as young as a bird-song, and yet as ancient as the sea. When J. M. Synge died a year or so ago, the world lost one of its poets: to quote the last line of this play of his, it "lost the finest playboy of the western world."

"PRUNELLA"

Prunella, a Pierrot play in three acts, by Laurence Housman and Granville Barker, which was revived during the season at the repertory theatre, is a quaint and dainty little entertainment. It is written in rhyme, played partly in pantomime, and accompanied by a running commentary of music composed by Joseph Moorat. Prunella is a young maiden who lives immured in a Dutch house and garden with three forbidding aunts, Prim, Privacy, and Prude. Along comes a company of strolling players, headed by Pierrot and Scaramel, who gain access to her and awaken in her a longing to flee away into the mysterious and tumultuous world. Pierrot wins her love, and aided by Scaramel and the others, abducts her from her prison-house at night. In the last act, after Pierrot has tired of her, she wanders home friendless and disenchanted.

This little piece is not quite so good as it ought to be. At the outset, certain probing touches in the lines lead one to suspect that it is to have a philosophic purport, and one is rather disappointed when it turns out to be merely a picturesque re-telling of the old conventional story of seduction. But the whole is very picturesque and colourful, and, produced with charming taste by Mr. Barker, leaves a sweet echo of singing in the mind.

"THE TWELVE-POUND LOOK"

In conjunction with *Prunella* was produced a one-act play by Mr. J. M. Barrie, called *The Twelve-Pound Look.* A boorish man of business has just been knighted, and is teaching himself and his lady how to wear their new honours in the accepted way. A flood of letters of congratulation requires him to engage the services of a stenographer to answer them. The secretary sent to him by an agency turns out to be his former wife, who ran away from him and allowed him to secure a divorce. In an intimate and humorous conversation, she explains to him for the first time why she left him, sets before him that image of egotism which is himself, and states that as soon

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as she found herself capable of earning twelve pounds she deemed it preferable to embark upon a self-supporting life of toil rather than to sacrifice her independence for his wealth. She bids him beware of the moment when he shall see the "twelve-pound look" in his new lady's eyes, and leaves him disenchanted and perturbed.

This little piece is written with all of Mr. Barrie's habitual whimsicality and charm; but there is a new note in it—a note never before apparent in his pieces —that is just a little uncomfortable. This is a note of acerbity that approaches cynicism. In the present little piece it is not disagreeable; but if it should be protracted into a longer effort, we might lose our Sentimental Tommy to gain only another Shaw.

"THE NAKED TRUTH"

Among the farces of the recent London season, the one which incorporated the best idea was *The Naked Truth,* by George Paston and W. B. Maxwell, which was presented, with all his customary charm, by Mr. Charles Hawtrey. Bunny Darrell is presented by his uncle with a magic ring from India, which (although none of the characters knows it) has the power to provoke the naked truth from anybody who is wearing it. Bunny occasions no end of comic difficulties by saying exactly what he thinks in every situation instead of resorting to the usual subterfuges and circumlocutions of courtesy. The ring later has the same effect upon his uncle and one or two of the other characters; and the audience is amusingly impressed with the fact that social relations are made possible only by the mutual acceptance of a convention of euphemistic falsehood.

"THE SPECKLED BAND"

The best melodrama of the London season was *The Speckled Band: An Adventure of Sherlock Holmes,* dramatised by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle from one of his own stories. This piece, which has been announced for production in America, is genuinely thrilling. An elaborate and apparently insoluble murder mystery is set before the audience, and is unravelled point by point by Sherlock Holmes. The murder has been effected in a room with a locked door and window; and it has been proved that no other person than the victim can have been present in it at the time. The sister of the victim is placed in similar peril of her life, and is saved by Holmes's discovery that the crime was committed by her uncle, an Anglo-Indian madman, by the expedient of charming a deadly serpent and training it to enter the locked chamber through a tiny orifice in the wall and suddenly sting to death the chosen victim. Holmes, aided by Dr. Watson, waits for the appearance of the serpent with the speckled band, and wounds it with a heavy cane, whereupon it retreats and stings to death its guilty master. This story is very effectively told, and at the Adelphi Theatre was received with sympathetic gasps and thrills.

AFTER CARNIVAL

BY THOMAS WALSH

The world of maples set the feast aglow;
But see, the hoar-frost now on path and vine
Is pale and deathly as some mad Pierrot
In search of Columbine!

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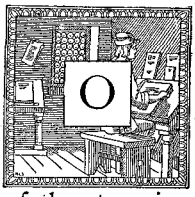
PLANTING A PLAY

BY GEORGE MIDDLETON



NE can't have an income from a play till he has an outlet for it. To-day, when all over the country thousands are writing dramas, it seems natural to ask why this lure of the stage is so prevailing, and why so few unknown authors are discovered. While many, no doubt, are legitimately trying to express themselves in the peculiar form demanded by stage conventions, this keen interest is unquestionably more excited by the traditional and exaggerated earnings of a successful play. Yet the proportion between those who write and those who achieve production is tragically small, and the main reason, aside from the most obvious one of no ability or technical instinct for dramatic composition, is because many are doomed to failure, even before they are started, through their general ignorance of managerial conditions and the mere business of planting a play. The dramatist who has succeeded has done more than write his play: he has had it produced. "Talent writes a play," runs an adage, "but genius gets it accepted." At present there are greater opportunities for the playwright than ever: more theatres to fill, wider territory to cover and larger rewards for a success. So, perhaps, if some slight comments be made upon a certain phase of the playwright's dilemma he may realise that writing a play is only the first step in its tangled history. There are, it is true, large prizes, but few laymen seem to realise that the successful dramatist has earned his income not so much by the mere writing of his play as through his disappointments, the uncertainties of his profession and his efforts *after* his play has been typed. The written play has only subjective value to the author: no man is a recognised dramatist till he is produced. What, then, are some of the difficulties especially for the unproduced playwright, and what are the conditions under which he must first labour to "place" his play?

THE POST-OFFICE ROUTE

Apparently the most instinctive method is to submit the completed manuscript by registered post to the manager or star. But if the author expects to meet the same systematic consideration which is accorded to the writer by the magazines or to the novelist by the publishers he is very much mistaken. With one or two exceptions play-reading in a manager's office is the most badly conducted of all the departments. This is partly due to the discouragingly low order and obvious unproducible quality of most plays submitted by unfamiliar writers, and partly to the absolute gamble any play is as a money-maker. Since their business is a very detailed one in many other directions, managers have little time to waste over manuscripts, and consequently they prefer to take what is at best a chance anyway with a familiar writer who has been produced than with one who has not. It is not that unsolicited plays are never read, but they are often left to stray members of the clerical force, who are easily endowed with a capacity of judging most manuscripts submitted, but are scarcely qualified to have sufficient knowledge of the drama to be competent judges of what may be a departure or a masterpiece. There is, however, a great difference between a good play and a play which will make money: not even an expert can be infallible about the latter, but intelligence and sensitiveness could pick the former and give encouragement to its author. Managers quite justly claim they cannot teach play-writing by criticism, and though there are several always generous with valuable suggestions, what is still most lacking to the struggling author with some capabilities is intelligent professional comment and substantial interest. The lack of any clear reason why his play is persistently refused, or the long protracted delays before his play is returned, has discouraged more than one writer of culture and capacity, who, with some nurturing, might have become a val-

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uable investment for future potential outputs.

Some offices have professional play-readers who only read manuscripts and send them to the manager with an opinion; but even after that delay continues. Though everything in this profession has exceptions, one of the best known play-readers acknowledged after many years' experience that not one of the plays he had recommended had ever been produced by the manager noted for his foreign importations—and many of them had been sent back unread. Another manager refuses absolutely to read any completed play, even from a dramatist of some experience, which is not submitted first in a brief three hundred-word outline; his theory being that charm and treatment are unessential and that the story and idea is everything. The husband of a well-known star on being asked what he intended to do with a large pile of unread manuscripts in the corner of his studio, remarked: "Oh, I'll keep them a year and send them back." The man who has made a "hit" has no such difficulties, for he is eagerly sought; yet even the twenty or thirty coming men with some small success and productions to their credit have often to put up with the same discouraging delays. There is no time like to-morrow for reading an unsolicited manuscript.

Sending a play to a star offers a better chance for proper consideration, but stars frequently have little power to select their own plays, and for reasons, which will be mentioned later, they, too, become discouraged at the kind and quality of manuscripts *indiscriminately* sent to them. One star carries a trunk full of plays all about with her, and by her own confession the trunk is seldom opened. "Goodness! how am I ever to wade through all those plays I just know won't suit me?" It is as impossible as it is unkind to make too sweeping a statement concerning the discouragements the proferring author must go through here, as with managers, for there are many pleasing exceptions which he will discover only on trial. But it is best to say frankly that, as a rule, the approach to a Broadway production by the post-office route is seldom successful.

THE PLAY AGENT

Then there is the play agent. Here one comes upon an interesting institution which, with the widening theatrical horizon, has also grown enormously in the last twenty-five years. Formerly there was only one in New York, now there are five or six of importance, with connections in all the European cities. All agencies are not alike: some have specialties, such as vaudeville sketches; others are general and handle anything; while one of the most powerful has a firm grasp on the French dramatists, and, with an allied firm, practically dominates the "stock" field. The agent exists on the percentages obtained from the royalties of plays he handles. Usually this percentage is about ten per cent. on plays in this country. For this he "places" the manuscripts, tends to the necessary correspondence, assists frequently in "casting," copyrighting, drawing up contracts, consulting lawyers on legal questions which may arise, keeps a record of the performances of the play and collects its royalties. He is invaluable to the playwright in placing "foreign rights" for a successful play here, or *vice versa,* and for leasing and sub-leasing it after its initial run, in "stock" and road tours. His position, however, is frequently a delicate one; for while the playwright and not the manager supports him, he, in a way, is an agent for both parties. Then, too, the agent may have a half dozen different playwrights under negotiation with one manager and the situation has its obvious disadvantages. But, on the other hand, the agent often controls the works of certain prominent authors here and abroad, and in this fashion can force for them better terms and consideration. Managers seeking foreign successes, or with books to be dramatised, unproduced manuscripts to be rewritten and plays running on the road "to be whipped into shape" for New York, call upon the agent, thus enabling him to get many commissions for the playwrights who have arrived or show promise. The agent has consequently become a very powerful factor in certain phases of the profession.

But of what especial value is he to the new playwright seeking production?

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Primarily he can do no more with a bad play than the author himself, except have it rejected more rapidly. While the well-established agencies have play-readers who weed out bad and hopeless material, which is promptly returned, some of the others handle anything that comes along, and thus, by the low average of manuscripts they submit, lessen the importance of their wares in the eyes of the manager. Always some criticism is given the manuscript and often suggestions are of great help for revisions before it is submitted. The agent naturally is more on the alert for incipient promise than the average manager, and many beginners are thus encouraged "to keep at it"—the touchstone of success. If an agent has more than a perfunctory interest and professional belief in a manuscript, he can, through personal attention, force it directly to the manager's notice. Yet unless he has that interest, he can merely send it around as the author does—though with more discretion. There is one agent in New York who only handles about thirty manuscripts which she believes in. She has no office, tramps after the managers and reads the plays to them herself. All agents will do this for certain plays, but obviously, with a thousand manuscripts a year passing through their hands, the larger agencies are prevented from such labour—and the manager would be the first to resent it. Still, the agent knows what is going on, who are in need of plays, the failures and successes, the immediate openings for a manuscript—or, in other words, the "inside" knowledge which no layman can know. Herein is the agent's chief value to the unproduced playwright, for in offering a play there is also a psychological moment. Besides this, the agent is aware of the peculiarities, likes and dislikes of stars and managers, the kind of play which is at the time being sought, whether an elaborate production, farce or melodrama, and the financial condition of the manager seeking the play. It can readily be seen the importance of this latter knowledge, combined with all the rest, for the unproduced playwright needs advice and protection as the layman would in any form of investment.

PERSONAL CONTACT

But however important these advantages, which can be made a matter of helpful co-operation, there is nobody so interested in the author as he is in himself. Here we come upon the third manner of planting a play—personal contact. Through personal contact with the stage and its people the playwright gradually becomes known. He himself learns to know the wants of managers. While frequent association with a stage door may hurt a man's work if he be not strong enough to remain individual, slow progress is better than no progress, which will of necessity result if he is not in contact with people who want what he has to offer. This has been the method by which most successful playwrights have "arrived": being close to the trail in one place—New York. Most of them have had no other profession, and while struggling upward have been in some way associated with the theatre. There is little chance for the *dilettante* who writes his plays casually as he would have the measles. It takes more actual time to bring a play to an acceptance than it does to write it, and consequently a man must have all his time free to make appointments and to wait hours when and where the manager or star wills. The struggling playwright, if he be known personally to those who may need a play, will have first chance in case of a sudden failure—when a "stop-gap" may be needed or any sort of a production vital to "fill time." Here is the best opportunity for the new man—when one play has unexpectedly failed and another is needed at once. Managers remember a personality quicker than a manuscript, and the man who so suddenly arrives in the newspaper criticisms has generally been known to the managers for years. The playwright must be prepared for rebuffs and disappointment at every turn; he cannot be a sensitive plant; he must be an insistent daisy. If the dramatist has the native ability and the faculty of getting himself remembered, this method of personal contact is the most promising way of "breaking into the game." Managers are human and have generally struggled upward themselves; they will be bound

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in time to give attention and encouragement to the persistent sincerity and ability that keeps smiling and working.

The most intimate form this personal contact can take is the privilege of reading the play personally to the manager or star. For various reasons this is not an easy task to accomplish, as some who will gladly read a play over night through force of the playwright's personal persuasion will never be read *to* under any circumstances. "I get so interested in the *way* it is being read that I forget *what* is being read. Besides, I can't stop to think things over, and consequently lose most of it. I can't always follow which character is speaking," one star remarked in declining an appointment; while another confesses, for self-protection possibly, that she is always asleep with her eyes open in ten minutes, as "the voice, not the play, of course, always has that effect on me." Managers, too, find great difficulty in giving sufficient consecutive time for hearing it; when they read it themselves they can do it at odd moments —and not at one sitting, as every play has a right to demand. Then, too, some playwrights even of reputation are such bad readers they "kill a play," while others are so good, like Boucicault, they make a useless manuscript seem tantalising. But if a manager does not on general principles object to having a play read—and some prefer it—the difficulties of making the appointment must be solved. One playwright last year sold a play in June after thirty-five attempts at a reading. The author can merely be patient and persistent—there is no other secret, for letters and introductions are unimportant. The appointment once obtained, the process of reading a play is not always a pleasant task for the author, no matter how much the manager may be enjoying it. Frequent interruptions, telephone conversations, periods of vacant eyes, or adverse running comment are to be expected; yet, on the whole, it is "up to the play" and the reader. The results are often gratifying, if not immediate. At least, the manager, in this fashion, may see some good qualities and be more open for a hearing of the author's next play, and the author himself knows the play has been read.

These general processes of planting a play have not been made too alluring, for, as has been said, the royalties which come are well earned by more than the mere effort and genius which has gone into the making of the play. Yet in spite of this plays are taken, and one *can* succeed—a quality temperamental if one has the qualifications of a playwright.

WHY PLAYS ARE REJECTED

There are, however, decided consolations for those whose plays are rejected; a little experience soon recognises the reasons, gives a healthy, sane accepting view of conditions and aids the author better for his next attempt. The chief reason a play is "turned down" is not because it is bad, but because it is unsuitable. A playwright, for example, should show more discretion than to submit his manuscript with an *ingénue* heroine to a star of avoirdupoidal tendencies. However clever a boy's rôle may be, certain female stars know they wouldn't "look it." No star, either, can be asked, in our present star system, when personalities are exploited, to play against a stronger part: she must have *the* part, and it is no reflection on a play that is not accepted for that reason. So, too, that leading part must be a sympathetic rôle. This is an almost infallible rule to remember—for there are to-day few stars who can afford for commercial reasons to play ungrateful parts. It is not their fault, but what managers have discovered the audience demands. The leading part may be wrong or criminal, but it must be loved by the audience. For example: *Raffles, Jim the Penman, Captain Swift,* criminals against the law; *Zaza, Camille, East Lynne,* violators of sex conventions, would have no chance to succeed had the authors not used every trick and device of their art to make the figure an appealing one. The audience feels it and thinks it thinks it. Managers have long since sensed that sy*mpathetics* and not *ethics* is the law of the drama, and that no one ever questions the sentimental selfishness of stage sacrifice when, as in most of these plays, it is made the pivot of the plot.

Certain themes, too, are as proverbially barred, and few managers will risk

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them or plays without an emotional appeal, however brilliantly they may be treated. Very often the *period* of a play militates against it: the last few years modern plays have been in vogue—the pendulum will soon swing back to the romantic. Costume plays mean more expense to a manager—for he must supply all the costumes, which in modern plays are supplied by the actors themselves. In case of a failure the scenery is not so easily "made over" and becomes a dead loss. It must be remembered the manager is, first of all, a business man who invests his money on an *opinion* with no safe guarantee of what he has. He naturally prefers to keep down expenses, for then the loss may be less and the profits more. The play of a beginner which contains a small cast and demands a simple production has the best chance for production. Then, too, stars and managers, as has been stated, have their peculiar prejudices founded on their own observations. Some believe the chances are all against a play in which husband and wife figure; others will only read farce or melodrama; one firm does nothing but musical comedy, and nobody seems to want poetic drama. These things must be discovered through personal contact by the author—for because of them good plays—simply misplaced—may often be rejected at the first glance on the title page. There is further consolation in knowing that *My Friend from India, Jim the Penman, Leah Kleschna, Nathan Hale* and many others were repeatedly rejected. No manager is a final judge of what the people will like: the people themselves are. Then, too, there are "previous plans." You never know what a manager has up his sleeve till he takes his coat off. Sometimes he has invested a large advance royalty in a successful playwright, and it is natural for him to delay till he finds out what he has. It happens also that managers become financially embarrassed and can take nothing at the time it is offered, or there also may be managerial difficulties with the star. So from this hasty résumé the playwright will see his play may have been rejected for many reasons outside of the merit or demerit of his manuscript. These are only some of the obstacles he must surmount before he achieves a production.

THE QUESTION OF CONTRACTS

When the play is accepted and it comes to a question of contracts, a beginner, without an agent or some one to advise with, is at a disadvantage. There are all sorts of contracts made and the terms naturally vary with the success a man achieves. A manager often wishes to "buy out" a new playwright's manuscript and pays five hundred or a thousand dollars for all the rights. This is very foolish for the author, of course, as a successful play may make that, on a good contract, in a week. Then, sometimes, as the late Kirk La Shelle always believed in doing, the play became his after he had paid the author ten or fifteen thousand dollars royalty. Again an arrangement is made at so much a week regardless of what the play "draws." But as a general rule it is always on a percentage basis and fluctuates from three to five per cent. on the gross, not net, receipts. A new man can seldom get more than that, though after a success or a production the percentage is on a sliding scale of five per cent. on the first four thousand dollars, seven and a half on the next two or three, and ten per cent. on all over. Bernard Shaw got ten per cent. flat, and others of eminence even better. Managers occasionally are losing money on the attraction while paying the author royalties amounting to a hundred or so a week. There is generally a payment made on acceptance which acts as "advance royalty," and if the play is produced no further royalty comes to the author till what has been advanced is paid back. If the play is not produced the advance royalty is the author's: this sum is generally from two hundred and fifty to three thousand dollars. Often nothing is paid down on a first play and so much promised if the play is not produced before a certain date. This is a saving for the manager, as he can give a trial performance at merely the expense of the production; it is inadvisable in most cases for the playwright, though through it he obtains a production; and unless it fails may possibly have a big success with substantial returns. It is very careless, too, if

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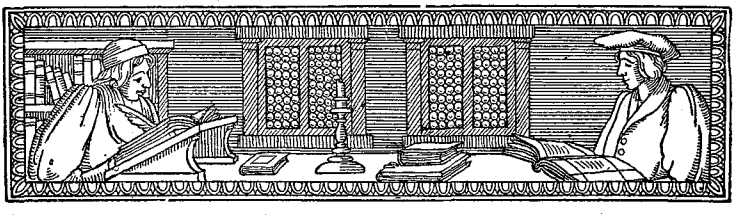
there is no limit made as to a definite date before which the play must be produced, since without it the author is giving perpetual rights or taking the play out of the market for a mere advance. This date varies from six months to a year after purchase, with a privilege of renewal for a like length of time on the further payment of another advance. A carefully drawn contract will stipulate how many times it is necessary for the play to be performed each season in order to remain the manager's property. If, for instance, no such stipulation is made, the manager can produce it only once, and if it fails it is not revertible to the author, though it may be a very valuable piece of property for another "class of house." There are many examples of Broadway failures being great road or stock successes. A theatrical season is reckoned from September first to June first, and as a rule the manager agrees to produce the play at least twenty-five performances during that time—or even seventy-five. There are many other terms it is advisable to have in a contract, and managers, generally speaking, are honest and liberal concerning them: the author's name to be advertised on all "paper"; question whether changes in the manuscript are to be made; royalty and box office statements sent weekly; option on foreign rights; and if possible the expenses incurred in travel to be paid by the management. To get the production is essential, and many compromises on terms must be made. These terms, very easily adjusted by the author of experience, often lead to disheartening discussions for beginners, and only when the contract is signed is another step made toward production. And then "begins new matter"; for "plays are rewritten, not written." The process of changes which goes on before and at rehearsals is infinite: "building up parts," cutting scenes, changing *locales* of acts, introducing new characters, modifying others, redialoguing, altering climaxes and a thousand and one things which often bring despair to the playwright and banknotes to his pocket. Many a play has been spoiled during this period by bad stage management and unsympathetic revision, or saved by a clever cast and beautiful production. Often it is thrown aside in rehearsals without ever reaching a production. And when it does reach the audience some small accident may ruin it absolutely or make it succeed.

One must not forget in thinking of the great prizes given for a success that they have, by the aggregated experiences, been legitimately earned. No play is worth anything till it has finally been offered before an audience; then, and then only, though its fruits are uncertain, has the long process of planting a play been accomplished.



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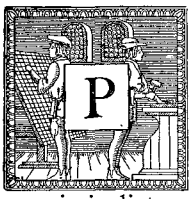
A BARNYARD CHEF-D'OEUVRE*

BY EDWARD CLARK MARSH



OET and pedant, idealist and cynical *boulevardier,* fakir and genius in one—Rostand has fairly won the race for sensational notoriety in the literary sweepstakes. Even D'Annunzio is distanced by the Parisian's latest effort. "The best advertised play in the entire history of the stage"—such is the distinction of *Chantecler,* in spite of memories of Hugo's *Hernani.* No play was ever more widely, more vociferously heralded. No play was ever prepared for production with more cunning, prolonged care. No play was ever talked about by so many persons at once. That in spite of all this réclame the actual production was practically a failure only adds to the interest of the case. What is it in the personality of this man, already author of one play of huge popularity and questionable artistic value and of a few other mediocre works, that stimulates in such unique degree the curiosity of the world? Or is there some intrinsic quality in *Chantecler* that justifies, in spite of its failure, the interest it has aroused?

Some part of the truth must be sought in each direction. Rostand himself, with his stained-glass romanticism, his elegance of the "æsthete," his egomania, is a *poseur* of admirably finished technique. A certain amount of cleverness may always be predicated of the *poseur,* since a dull man would never think of attempting to win success by that method, easy as it apparently is. Apparently; for it is not easy to maintain an attitude persistently. But even positive genius for posturing would not account for the attention Rostand has been able to attract to his latest play. It *has* intrinsic qualities which render it in high degree interesting to the observer of currents in the dramatic stream. Whatever else it has or has not —wit, or fancy, or dramatic action—*Chantecler* has at least a tendency. It is a weather-cock to show which way the wind sets. Realism at last is moribund—that Realism which for so many years has held art in its iron grip. It is just possible that Realism may still come to life once more; but for the present he is dead: witness, in the drama, *Peter Pan* and *The Blue Bird* and *The Passing of the Third Floor Back,* in music the Debussy craze, in the novel Mr. Robert Herrick's latest promulgation, in painting our friends the Marins and Matisses.

So M. Rostand, who to do him justice was never a realist, turns naturally in *Chantecler* to the symbolism which is the latest artistic mode. *Chantecler* is a dramatisation of a La Fontaine fable—but such a fable, and such a dramatisation! La Fontaine, with all his rich worldly wisdom, would be aghast at finding the creatures of his animal world representing, not the fundamental human passions and instincts, but the extreme types of an up-to-date French salon. Our modern fablist satirises, not the universal, but a highly specialised corner of the world. The cleverness and point of the satire within its own narrow limits will be appreciated only by those who have at least an imaginary acquaintance with the *vie de Bohème.* Chantecler himself is the true artist, a creature of innate grandeur of soul, proud, vain, obstinate, but capable of heroic endeavour and a more than heroic devotion to his ideal. Rostand has met successfully the hardest test in the creation of a truly imposing character: his hero is great above all in his weaknesses. The Turkey is a solemnly pretentious philosopher of abysmal density. Capital are the delineations of the doting old hen, Chantecler's foster-mother, with her shreds of proverbial barnyard wisdom; the Pigeon with his *naïf* hero-worship; the flock of empty-headed hens with their chatter; the tuft-

*Chantecler. Par Edmond Rostand. New York: Brentano's.

Chantecler. Authorized translation by Gertrude Hall. New York: Duffield and Company.

The Story of Chantecler. By Marco F. Liberma. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

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hunting Guinea-hen and her troupe of celebrities, the strange cocks who invade Chantecler's yard to challenge his supremacy. But the triumph of character-drawing is the Blackbird: cynical, impudent, smart, the product of an over-refined and over-conscious civilisation. Wholly without illusions, he sees more clearly than any one else the absurdities of the society in which he is placed. He it is who delivers some of the sharpest strokes of the author's Gallic wit, yet he is himself the object of the keenest satire in the play. Of all the crowd of principal characters, the Pheasant-hen is the least interesting. She is no more than the usual pretty, insignificant heroine, in spite of the author's attempt to lift her to a higher plane of individuality.

One may fancy the bewilderment of the "average" audience, the theatre crowd, even of Paris, in the face of this delicately barbed satire on a society about which the plain citizen quite rightly knows next to nothing and cares less. If a second reason for the failure of the play must be sought, it is to be found in its character as drama. There is, to be sure, the spectacle, which must be gorgeous and alluring; but a theatre audience does not live by spectacle alone. Beyond this, there is plenty of talk, and a minimum of action in the downright, theatrical sense. There are in certain scenes, notably that of the Guinea-hen's five-o'clock, much movement and bustle, but the progress of the piece is intellectual, its climax psychic. In vain Rostand shakes out on the stage his whole bag of tricks (and a trickier craftsman the theatre has not known in years). Human as the characters are, the play is artificial. The keynote of artificiality is struck in the very first scene: the theatrical manager rushing out as the curtain begins to rise, stopping it, and painting the scene in a few words of commentary on the sounds that come from the stage. The choruses of bees, of cicadas, of night-birds, of toads, afford lyric opportunities, but clog the drama. The piece is indeed a lyric with an accompaniment of pantomime and intervals of drama.

Rostand's most voluminous American commentator regards it with evident awe as a work of imperishable genius. Mr. Liberma, who is a professor in Cincinnati University, has written a small book to tell the story of the play (which is of little consequence) and subjects it to the kind of critical analysis that Shakespeare suffers continually at the hands of sophomores. By all odds the most interesting portion of Mr. Liberma's book is that devoted to retelling the eight years' history of the inception, incubation and hatching of this barnyard *chef-d'œuvre*. He recounts all the difficulties to be surmounted in the production, and exonerates Rostand and his co-labourers from the charge of yielding to a sordid motive. The obvious symbolism of the play is explained at length, and some entertaining fragments of criticism are thrown off by the way. For Rostand's poetic gift this friendly commentator has a profound admiration. "Rostand's verse does indeed sway and toss and lull and sing in a way that was never attempted before in the drama of France or elsewhere." He cites Shakespeare to prove that "direct contemporary social satire is well-nigh out of the question in the poetic drama." For the moment he conveniently forgets Molière. An ingenious argument is made to justify Rostand in hampering his actors by depriving them of the use of gesture on a large scale. "The Greek method of presentation of the drama, and the method Rostand would have adopted and in part did adopt, ridiculous as it may seem, has its justification, and this justification lies in the very nature of the workings of the mind. We cannot take in at the same time two things equally well . . . the poetic drama must be presented in a manner to appeal mainly to the ear." That the argument, pressed to its conclusion, would do away with the drama itself seems not to have entered his mind. No, Mr. Liberma is not one to whom the reader will wisely turn for æsthetic guidance, nor will the drama conquer in America through the kind offices of this well-intentioned interpreter.

It will, nevertheless, be well worth seeing, if only for its magnificent scenic possibilities. And for those who enjoy wit with the true Gallic flavour, it is abundantly worth reading. Even to read it, however, in the original is a pleasure reserved for the few. Rostand has written

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his play in the dialect of the little, compact society that boasts itself the most cosmopolitan in the world. To follow him with understanding one must be a bit of a philosopher, a reader of history (for his allusions range far afield), and above all a Parisian—not merely a Frenchman, but a *boulevardier* of the moment. The comedies of Aristophanes were, we know, topical enough; the modern Aristophanes descends at times to the intense contemporaneity of one of our own Broadway reviews. His average is, perhaps, somewhere near a just medium between Molière and George M. Cohan.

The task of translation is, it may be guessed, not an easy one, and it is high praise of Miss Gertrude Hall, the author of the English version, to say that she has not altogether failed. She is not of that most select of all literary circles, the translators of positive genius; but she is experienced and capable, she has the right idea of a translator's business, and she is tirelessly patient in seeking out the precise word. The verse-form she has wisely eschewed, save in the lyrical outbursts, where she more than once discovers effects quite as telling as the original. In dealing with the constant word-play, the innumerable puns, she has adopted the only practicable expedient open to the translator, that of abandoning the literal meaning and preserving the spirit of the jest in a free paraphrase. When a butterfly appears in the barnyard, the Turkey remarks with a great show of wisdom:

Ce papillon s'appelle un Mars.
LA POULE BLANCHE: Un Mars! Pourquoi?
LE MERLE: Mais parce qu'il vient en juillet!

Miss Hall ingeniously translates this as follows:

THE TURKEY: That kind is called an Admiral.
THE WHITE HEN: An Admiral, wherefore?
THE BLACKBIRD: Obviously because he is neither a seaman nor a soldier.

At times her effort to make the meaning perfectly clear leads her into a clumsy redundancy of expression which is itself a partial mistranslation. Thus, the Turkey's rejoinder to one of the Blackbird's sallies,

Comme il sait indiquer que les haines de races
Ne sont jamais, au fond, que des haines de places!

becomes in the English version

How aptly he conveys that the hatred of peoples is at bottom a question of wanting the other's territory.

There are one or two passages so fantastically twisted that Miss Hall seems fairly to have given up in despair and left them out of her version, and more than once she has been compelled to abandon a pun to its fate. To even the score, there are passages in which the English is even more spirited and amusing than the French. The bustle and confusion of the third act, the eccentricities of the troupe of strange cocks and the mad infatuation of the Guinea-hen, are admirably denoted. Something less than perfect the best translation must always be; but Miss Hall's is emphatically to be recommended as a medium for the reader whose French has a single rusty joint. Through it he will get practically all of the substance and no little of the spirit of a most interesting play.

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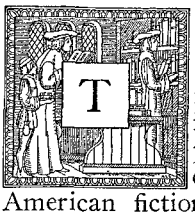
THE ETERNAL MASCULINE*

BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON



HE reproach is lifted from us! Not so very far back, as years count in literary evolution, critics of other nations were prone to make what they called the feminisation of American fiction a reason for dealing slightingly with us. We were not to be considered seriously, they averred, in that our fiction dealt solely with petty themes which had no relation to the truths of life. And the reason for this, they claimed, was that our novelists looked for money results and found their reading public mainly among the women of the sheltered class, or among mentally undeveloped women in any class.

Some of our own critics, too, with standards sharpened by comparison, thought the same thing, with regret that it should be so. Be it from what cause it may, the change has come. It came gradually, as all real changes must come. The first attempts to give American fiction some relation with Life were made timidly along the line of the sex-problem novel. This has not, never will, perhaps, become sufficiently a point of view of the Anglo-Saxon mind to let such fiction, even at its very best, appeal to more than a limited circle of readers. But the novels of the slowly developing school, which for want of a better term we may call the masculine school in fiction, seem to have struck a note out of which true harmony will grow. It is one-sided as yet, this fiction, touching parts of our national life only, but touching them strongly and really, giving a picture of pulsing humanity that has Truth for chief motive. Masculinity is the hall-mark of this school—masculine interests in the theme, virile masculinity in the author's angle of vision. Its excrescences, the dreadful pseudo-Dumas historical novel and the story of adventure that is nothing else, will not be considered when a later estimate of this fiction is made. They will be fortunately forgotten when the better works live.

Something of the force of this class of fiction, something of its popularity too, we owe to the influence of Rudyard Kipling. He taught the American reading public to like a certain candour of narrative, above all to like subjects which had been almost *taboo* before. But his American successors have shown that they can touch the live spots of life without the glamour of imperialistic dreams to help them, without the clash of arms and sway of crowned power. They have seen the conflict in man's life to-day, right here in our own country; the combat with wild nature, her wild beasts and wild men, and the more deadly combat of the cities that we call civilisation. Also the best of this school are now aiming for the development of character as the theme that colours and makes reasonable the capacity to tell a strong story in a strong and vivid way.

Three novels among the newer books, chosen at random from the reviewer's table, show so clearly the good points of this school, also its one-sidedness, that they give an excellent illustration for the foregoing remarks. All three show raw slices of life, unbeautified, unvarnished, seen as part of the life struggles of a strong man among men, seen from the intensely masculine point of view, sincere, straight out from the shoulder. In each the masculine interests predominate. The woman element comes in only at the end, as solace and reward for hard struggle, reward for the man who has shown himself to *be* a man. Sincerity and strength all three have in common. In their widely different backgrounds the central theme is the same, "a man's a man for a' that."

When one writes or speaks of masculinity in American fiction, Jack Lon-

*Burning Daylight. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Hard Rock Man. By Frederick R. Bechdolt. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

The Pools of Silence. By H. De Vere Stacpoole. New York: Duffield and Company.

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don comes first to mind. With all the faults of his good qualities, with his hymning of sheer brute force as an end in itself, Jack London is first and always a virile masculine personality. He touches the surface only, but the force and dash of the man are potencies not to be denied. There is so much of Jack London in everything he writes that a new book from his pen becomes interesting to those who enjoy him as a writer, as much as a revelation of a new phase of his personality, as of itself as a book. Seen in this way, his latest novel, *Burning Daylight,* has some interesting revelations to make. They show us a Jack London who no longer desires to preach his very amusing radicalism, but who is willing to come back to his power as a story teller. Also a Jack London who had passed through the sad phase of unrest out of which *Martin Eden* grew—it's certainly sad to have one's emotions take such unpleasant forms—and who has attained a calmness of mind by reason of which his glowing, vivid style, with the assurance of ripened maturity, can pour itself out into a vehicle of great pleasure for the reader. In this novel Jack London does not preach anything. He has attained the objectiveness necessary to true fiction, and even if he himself believes in a return to the land for health and strength, in this book he makes it appear only as true for his hero, not necessarily true, however enticing in his description, for all humanity. In doing this, he has, incidentally, lost one of his most annoying faults, and made *Burning Daylight* a better novel than he has given us for many a day.

Elam Harnisch, called "Burning Daylight" by his pals in Alaska, is one of the physically and mentally strong men, in whose life and struggles in a world of men Jack London delights. It is the type and the theme also of just this masculine school of fiction which we are now discussing. Daylight becomes a Klondike king—in cleverly buying up all the best claims in the gold creeks—then goes down into the States and fights many a wild battle in the financial arena. Here he grows hard, selfish and cruel as never before, losing the geniality that had been his in Alaska, losing even the splendid physical strength that was his pride. Unassumingly, with none of the italicising that sometimes annoys us in Jack London's work, big financial deals that have the ring of truth about them are exposed. But it is all seen through Daylight's eyes, in relation to his life, his development. The balance of proportion between the background, first of the Alaskan wilds, then the Gold Stampede, then the world of high finance and gambling—the proportion between this teeming background and the central figure is excellently held throughout. Finally, when he is forty, a woman comes into Daylight's life, this life that had known the things interesting men only, and through his love for her he returns to his former simple, strong self. Leaving the "big game" of finance, leaving also his thirty millions, he settles down to a charming idyl of the Simple Life in married happiness. The picture of the ranch and the life there is very pretty, coming after the storm and stress of the earlier chapters. And we take a real interest in the temptation that comes to Daylight when he discovers gold on his own land, and all his gambling instincts flare up anew. But he conquers them and returns to his wife, with a plan to plant trees over the hidden richness that he may never think of it again. It reads well as a book, and its author may be forgiven some recent failures for its sake.

A little book by a newcomer in the literary field, *The Hard Rock Man,* by Frederick R. Bechdolt, is eminently a work of the masculine type of fiction. It shows a little slice of life only, but it is a slice of man's life seen through the eyes of a man. This time a young Irishman is the hero, but he has come to America to seek his fortune. We find Tom Morton first as a green hand in the "outside gang" in tunnel workings far up in the mountains of the West. A little Old-World sentimentality that still clings to him is crushed down in the hard life of hard work, amid men of violent wandering lives. Tom's natural masterfulness asserts itself, and as he grows harder and "tougher" he works and fights his way up to a position of command. Here, at the last, love comes timidly into his rough life, and gives him the steadying weight

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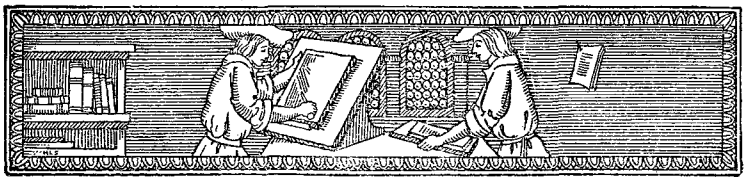
that makes a well-rounded man of what was before merely an engine of brute force and brute energy. The life and types of the "hard rock men," the drill runners, the aristocracy of that world of wandering labour, the men who have grown hard in a life of conflict with the unyielding material they have learned to master, are wonderfully well done. It is all simply told, with little attempt at style, with no brilliancy, but with a simple, strong sincerity that fits the theme well. In its very simplicity, the detail of the death of The Dynamiter, the fugitive from Cœur d'Alene, and the effect it has upon Tom's life and character, is a good bit of writing.

There are touches of rich, raw humour and of sordid tragedy that speak well for the author's future work, if with greater technical skill he retain his strength and sincerity, the masculinity of his point of view.

The Pools of Silence, by H. De Vere Stacpoole, also fits well in a considering of the masculine type of fiction. In spite of the fact that the scene of the story shifts from Paris to the Congo, and then back to Paris again, this novel is a part of American fiction through the author's viewpoint as well as through the personality of its hero, Paul Quincy Adams from Vermont. This book is unusual in many ways. A story of adventure, if you will, and of very exciting adventure at times, all its incidents are but the background to the portrayal and development of the character of its principal figures. Also it is a polemic against one of the great sins of the civilised world to-day, the treatment of the Congo natives by Leopold of Belgium, but a polemic which is made with all regard for the province and limitations of fiction. We see the crime as Adams saw it, through his eyes. The thing is brazenly patent, and the author's sympathy is plain. Yet the story is a story, and a rattling good one at that, and not a sermon masquerading as fiction. The character of Captain Berselius, the rich Frenchman, with whom Adams goes as physician on a big game expedition to the Congo, holds us so that his change of heart becomes a matter of vital interest. The catastrophe that overwhelms the expedition in the blotting out of the camp by the stampede of elephants, the horrors of the punishment at the Silent Pools, the death of Felix the Headman—all these scenes of wildness are marvellously well told. And the incidents of the hunting are described by one who must be a passionate hunter himself. But back and beyond it all is the thing that arouses Adams's wrath when he finally understands. And into his life, in the midst of his discouragement at the indifference of a civilised world that will not hear or will not care, love comes, gently offering solace and sweet companionship. Above all, this book is splendidly written. It is full of quotable sentences that wring the reviewer's heart because of lack of space to repeat them. One of them, however, shall be repeated here, because it gives the keynote of the masculine type of fiction, of what this school aims to represent, to tell. A great French surgeon says to Adams:

> The primitive man is strong in you all, and that is why you are so vital and important, you Anglo-Saxons, Anglo-Celts and Anglo-Teutons.

It is this vitality that has brought about the masculine type in American fiction. And in its best examples, such as these three, it is an eminently wholesome type, leaving the reader with a hopeful outlook on life.



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IN THE FOREST OF DESPAIR

BY HERBERT HERON

I wait alone, and watch the starlight creeping
  Around the clouded columns of the sky.
It may be Death who comes to find me weeping,
  Or only Life, impelled to see me die.

The gloomy cedars hold me in their prison,
  While hopeless Love in anguish guards the door.
The moon is gone; the sun has never risen;
  The moaning wind is lost upon the shore.

Far out at sea I hear the storm-birds calling
  A requiem, for one I seem to mark
Dashed from the foam-white cliff and falling, falling
  Upon the winter bosom of the dark.

O sky-born things that scream above the surges!—
  Red-circling where the stormy thunders flee—
Rise up above the night, where Hope emerges,
  And call my love till she come back to me.

Look out across old Sorrow's pale dominions:
  Look far, my storm-winged sentinels of pain!
Does not the red that gleams upon your pinions
  Give signal she is coming? Cry again!

No answer! Are the halls of God forsaken,
  And white-browed Hope the herald of a lie?
Or this a dream, from which I shall awaken,
  Aroused by Death, who wakens me to die?

See now, the shadows creep around me, sighing
  Like spirits wailing by a fallen tree;
Despair looms tall beside me; I am dying,
  And I—O love, O love, come back to me!

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ETCHINGS BY ANDERS ZORN

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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ANATOLE FRANCE

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PAUL VERLAINE

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RODIN

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FORMER PRESIDENT GROVER CLEVELAND

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THE CZAR'S BIRTHDAY BOOKS

BY GARDNER TEALL

THE Czar is a lover of books. Somehow one is inclined to think of the autocrat of the northland as anything but that, as a discourager, perhaps, of anything in print. Indeed we have more or less of a notion that books are taboo in Russia, an impression arising from the harassing tales that the press circulates of imperial censorship, which, if there is little freedom in some literary directions, does not mean that there is not a great deal in others. At any rate, because we have imagined Russian literature beyond its Tolstoys or its Turgenieffs *in limbo* we have hardly shown it enough interest to tempt the Russian bookseller to send his wares over here. Yet every visitor to St. Petersburg or to Moscow is struck with the aspect of the Russian bookshops, surprised with the typographical perfection of the works from the Russian presses. Much of this *renaissance* (though *naissance* would be the better word here) is directly due to the encouragement the present Czar and the Czar Alexander III before him have given the graphic arts. The complacent excellence of modern German typography and of the best work in colour of the Frenchmen—Gerlach in Germany, Plon in Paris, for instance—may well be the despair of other makers of books, but the writer does not believe any contemporary printer or publisher has surpassed the excellence of some of the works of the Russians of to-day, notably the books that have suggested this article—the series of *skazki,* or folk-tales, illustrated by Ivan Jakowlewitsch Bilibin of Moscow and published in St. Petersburg—though European collectors have greedily gobbled them up, knowing, perhaps, something of their story.

When the Czarina Alexandra Feodorovna had presented six little grand-

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Сестрица Аленушка и братецъ Иванушка.

Идутъ двое сиротокъ, сестрица Аленушка съ братцемъ Иванушкой, по дальнему пути, по широкому полю, а жаръ-то, жаръ ихъ донимаетъ.

Шли-шли-шли... солнце высоко, захотѣлось Иванушкѣ пить: „Сестрица Аленушка, я пить хочу". — „Подожди, братецъ, дойдемъ до колодца". Колодецъ далеко, а жаръ донимаетъ, потъ выступаетъ. Идутъ и видятъ прудъ, а около пруда пасется стадо коровъ. — „Я хочу пить", говоритъ Иванушка. „*Не пей, братецъ! а то будешь теленочкомъ*", говоритъ Аленушка. Онъ послушался, и пошли они дальше; шли-шли и видятъ рѣку, а около

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THE WITCH OF THE FOREST

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duchesses to an ungrateful nation the Czar had come to give up hoping for an heir to the throne. Contrary to popular belief an emperor may have a strong interest in his family even if it has not reached political perfection, therefore the Czar set about to find for little Olga, who was eight, little Tatiana, who was six, little Maria, who was four, and little Anastasia, who was two, a good old-fashioned nurse of the sort Maria Feodorovna, his Danish mother, had provided for the imperial régime of his own childhood. The Czar had never forgotten the delightful stories this old Russian woman used to tell, folk-tales that teemed with all the mystery of the north country. He and his brothers had keener ears for them than for the stupid history of their tutors. And there were many wordy combats between the nursery-mother (whose course was approved by Maria Feodorovna) and the gentlemen assigned to the more practical part of the education of the imperial children (gentlemen whose course was upheld by the Czar Alexander).

But even in Russia times change. There was the Russian nurse, but to please the Czarina she jumbled her Russian stories with those of the Brothers Grimm, and the French governess had only little songs like *Gentil Coq'licot* or something as terrifying like *Le Roi Dagobert* at her command, so at last the Czar declared that four little grand-duchesses should not be cheated out of the joys a czarovitch and the little grand-dukes had derived from the splendid imaginative fairy-tales the Russian people tell among themselves. So the Czar himself started in for story-telling, much to the delight of the little women who had disappointed the Russian Empire. There came, however, a time when affairs of state kept His Majesty away from the nursery, much to the distress of the little grand-duchesses. So the Czar hit upon another scheme. If the Russian palace-nurse would mix up the adventures of Baba Yaga with those of Gretel's witch, and if the French lady had only Parisian ditties at her tongue's end, at least both of them could read aloud. Therefore the Czar decided that some one must be found who could make a book of the old folk-tales just as he had heard them first. He would have each tale illuminated in beautiful legible characters of Russian text, and the illustrations should be in water-colour and should exactly fit the spirit of the stories. It happened that a young Russian illustrator, Bilibin, had chanced to do some things that had attracted the attention of the Russian art-critics, although they were unknown beyond St. Petersburg and Moscow. Even now Bilibin is but thirty-five, so the compliment of being chosen by the Czar to undertake the volumes for the library of the imperial nursery was no insignificant compliment. The stories chosen were "The Frog Prince" (which is quite different from the German tale of the same title), "The Beautiful Vassilissa," "The Flame Bird," "King Frost," "Sweet Dreams," "The Witch of the Forest" and "Ivan Czarovitch" (which latter title, by the way, his famous master, Ilja Repin, had illustrated years before in quite another manner).

These illustrations were not completed all at once, but the books were finally finished for birthday gifts to the little grand-duchesses. The Czar and the Czarina were so pleased with Bilibin's success that it was decided other children should be given an opportunity to share in their treasure.

Thus it happened that the Czar commanded one of the foremost Russian publishers to undertake the reproduction in printed form of Bilibin's work. The text was put into type forthwith, and when the publisher protested that the illustrations could not be produced except at a prohibitive cost the Czar opened his private purse and bore the publication expense himself.

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NINE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Colonel Roosevelt's "Game Trails"*

This is the best of the East African books, because it gives a coherent picture of the country and what goes on therein. That is what we like. There is nothing more interesting to the average wide-awake world-citizen of whatever nationality than to hear plainly how the other fellow does it. To hear plainly means that small details must be told in the language of the listener. The statement that the veldt is covered with kopjes from which dongas radiate in several directions is undoubtedly an excellent topographical description, but much of that sort of thing borders on the soporific. But if you tell me that a plain with a lot of little hills scattered around on it has dry washes cut out like the western banancas, then I am interested, for I have seen something of that kind at home. And if, further, you proceed to point out clearly that said plains are covered with herds of game like cattle; and that said hills are populated with rock antelope; and that the ravines with the patches of stuff like sage brush in them are quite apt to conceal lions instead of coyotes or jack rabbits, then you have me excited. If, lastly, you will only refrain from saying spring-bok and dricker and klip-springer and such until I have had time to get a trifle acquainted, then I will follow you to the end—and be sorry the end has arrived!

The ultra-sophisticated pose is here even less defensible than elsewhere. The writer of books—except he be a writer of technical books—must for his work's salvation get away from the idea that he is writing for his fellow-experts. This is especially true of shooting books. As a usual thing the sportsman is a modest fellow. When he tells how the enraged pogsniffle bit off his left ear he abridges the thing to its dry elements for fear the other sportsmen who read his book will think him cocky and trying to show off. As a result, only sportsmen get any sense of reality from the incident. The great public gather only the rather vague idea that you do not catch pogsniffles with a butterfly net. This is not right. Were that sportsman playing fair he would justify the dollars *net* he demands for his book. In the first place, we want to know what is the pogsniffle and where does he dwell; what are his habits, and does he enjoy dust; how is he hunted, and is he unkind by disposition or only by prodding; what in particular did he do on this occasion, and *exactly* how did the sportsman feel and act; what rifle was used, how far were the shots, and what effect did the bullets have; above all, what did the pogsniffle do with the ear after he *did* bite it off?

That is exactly what we do not get from most African books; and what we do get from Mr. Roosevelt. The usual screed from that country consists mostly in fairly monotonous reiterations of exciting shooting. A friend of mine parodies it as follows:

> After picking up his liver and replacing it in his abdominal cavity, the cowardly gun-bearer, instead of remaining to distract the rhinoceros's attention, climbed a tree and hung there, groaning. On the following day, by way of example, I had him stuck full of thorns dipped in acid.

From it all one gets only the impression of hot days, some dust, thorn trees, two distant mountains, and swarms of beasts. In other words, the writer, quite naturally, stopped short at the first and stupendous fact of the Game.*

But Mr. Roosevelt does get beyond it. He is too broad in his sympathies to be stricken blind even by so vivid a flash of the unusual as that. The physical lay of the country; the many tribes of negroes, as human beings, not "tribes" or "natives" merely; the little industrial activities; and above all the feeling for the picturesque little things that give his narrative

*African Game Trails. By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

*I am, of course, omitting mention of such encyclopedic works as those of Sir Harry Johnston. But they are ethnological and administrative; and, like the others, they give no picture of the living country.

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colour, these are in full evidence. He retains the boyish and delighted power of gloating over the strange and unusual. Without that power, which is only the power of "make-believe" grown up, a man is middle-aged; with it he is always young. The average man remarks, with what he thinks is a commendable repression, that

> After killing the lion in rather a nasty fracas, we were so belated that we were not in camp until after dark. The porters welcomed us with much rejoicing.

Says Mr. Roosevelt:

> . . . the porters appeared, bearing on poles the skin of the dead lion, and the lioness entire. The moon was nearly full, and it was interesting to see them come swinging down the trail in the bright silver light, chanting in deep tones over and over again a line or phrase that sounded like:
>
> "Zon-zon-boulé ma ja guntai; zon-zon-boulé ma ja guntai!"
>
> Occasionally they would interrupt it by a repetition in unison at short intervals, of a guttural ejaculation, sounding like "huzlem." They marched into camp, then up and down the lines, before the rows of small fires; then, accompanied by all the rest of the porters, they paraded up to the big fire where I was standing. Here they stopped and ended the ceremony by a minute or two's vigorous dancing amid singing and wild shouting. The firelight gleamed and flickered across the grim dead beasts, and the shining eyes and black features of the excited savages, while all around the moon flooded the landscape with her white light.

That is what we wanted to know; that is what we would have seen had we been there.

In like manner the book, in the main, tells us just the things we would like to know. I suppose in a literary magazine I should base my criticism on literary principles; but that is a little difficult. One secret of good literature is, of course, to know what to select, what to leave out, and how to arrange it. Literature must be exceedingly difficult in Africa, for there is such a superabundance of material. It must be the easiest thing in the world to slip into mere cataloging—and very incomplete cataloging at that. One must, as we have shown, present details; but, on the other hand, mere details of an unknown character are worse than useless. Undoubtedly bird-life swarms; but a check-list of birds observed around camp will convey little to one who does not know their names. Some other method must be used to convey the impression. Mr. Roosevelt's feeling of proportion carries him safely by this danger; but some of his few long paragraphs full of "There were the—" and "There were also the—" phrases swings his craft perilously close to the rocks.

But he does avoid the danger; and the few defects of the sort are more than made up for by the habit-observations he gives us. These are closely taken and valuable; as are his remarks illuminating on the human institutions with which he comes in contact. His style is direct, clear and forceful. It conveys perhaps what he wants to convey, but not all that he sees and feels. This is because it misses the literary quality in many respects, owing probably to the fact that Mr. Roosevelt had at the time three or four other jobs on hand. *African Game Trails* is a particularly valuable book in that it is the first to tell us about Africa in our own language.

Stewart Edward White.

II

Mr. Hewlett's "Rest Harrow"*

History teaches (and Mr. Hewlett points the moral) the danger of sequels. The characters of a novel are puppets, not real people, however much we may talk of them as real. They are put on the stage to express a preconceived idea, to expose a situation. Put them through their paces, drain them of their significance for the purpose in hand, and they are dead; and the author who tries to resurrect them does so at his risk. The only sequel of which this is not, generally speaking, true is the one that is planned from the beginning, that is part of the scheme, and for which the significance of the characters is deliberately and artistically economised.

* Rest Harrow. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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Apparently Mr. Hewlett when he wrote *Halfway House* had no thought of a trilogy. That was a complete story, and when it was done Mary Middleham and her young lover and her middle-aged husband were disposed of once for all. But into that story had crept a subsidiary character who proved to be intrinsically the most suggestive, potentially the finest in the book. The success of the author with the Meredithian Senhouse was evident; no wonder he was tempted to make further use of such promising material. And in doing so his instinct was at least partially right, for Senhouse, since he furnished but an incident, however important, in the first book, had not been exhausted. Followed *Open Country*. It was disconcerting to find that it harked back to an earlier stage in the hero's life, so that the sequel takes chronological precedence of the original. But on the whole Senhouse stood surprisingly well this test of recrudescence. It was even reasonable to believe that his possibilities were not yet at an end, for although he furnished the motive for the book, he was not himself its protagonist. More acted upon than acting, more an observer than a sharer of the turmoil, Jack Senhouse might still conceivably have something to express.

But in *Rest Harrow* Mr. Hewlett brings back, along with Senhouse, all the principal characters of both the earlier books and attempts to tie into a single snug knot the loose ends of all these unrelated lives. It is a hardy effort, foredoomed to failure. One regards it with mingled admiration for the courage displayed and suspicion of something almost mean and practical in the end to be gained. Is Mr. Hewlett afraid of his powers of invention or is he making the most, in commercial fashion, of a "lead" that has proved profitable? Whatever his motive, retribution is swift. What might have been the very finest of his later novels, had it stood boldly on its own merits, is made baffling and disappointing by the compromises necessary to square it with its predecessors. Not all of Mr. Hewlett's ingenuity—and the ingenuity of the opening chapters is amazing—can make the resurrection plausible. The worst case is that of Mary Middleham. She simply refuses to resume even a semblance of life, and her shrouded figure is pushed stiffly through the pages. Sanchia Percival, to whom the new book belongs, is a real enough person—perhaps with more of genuine flesh and blood than in *Open Country*, but not quite the same person. If you meet her now for the first time, well and good. But those who knew the old Sanchia will be disturbed at finding another person, so like her in externals, bearing the familiar name. Senhouse resurges a recognisable creature, though with something of the air of the charnel-house about him. Again it is the incidental character that triumphs. Sanchia's quondam friend, Bill Chevenix, returns as an old acquaintance, wholly himself, only more entertaining than of yore.

It will be recognised that it is difficult to judge the new book as if it stood alone. The situation is a fine one: The girl, Sanchia, tied by the bonds of her early love to a brute, learning his nature and breaking away from him, becoming aware of her real love for Senhouse and turning back to marry Ingram because she conceives it to be her destiny, finding her rest finally in her philosopher-lover. Senhouse, schooled by suffering, grows increasingly ascetic and mystic. If it is conceivable that he could have the experiences that are attributed to him, it is conceivable that they might have the effect described. He is still a convenient mouthpiece for the author's ideas of philosophic anarchism. His doctrine of emancipation from the slavery of property will be embraced by gentlemen who live in villas and go to the city each day for business. Senhouse's rapt devotion to his lady is spiritual and tenuous, but its end is a blaze of honest human passion in which flesh and blood have their part. The close of the book is a lyric outburst. Mr. Hewlett is still as romantic at heart as he ever was in his mediæval tales. This is what gives him his present peculiar interest. A born romantic, seeing the twentieth century with the eyes of the twelfth, with imagination and the crowning gift of style—a novelist who plies his art with these qualities is to be cherished.

Ward Clark.

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III

G. Dorset's "A Successful Wife"*

The literary critic of the uncompromisingly high standard may be often heard to aver that there is no excuse for a woman's entering the literary field unless she has something to say which even the most gifted man cannot say. If this be true, then G. Dorset (if G. Dorset be a woman) has proved her right to literary endeavour. For in this unassuming little volume, which comes with no particular pretence to literary excellence, something is told which only a woman could tell, the intimate moments of the private life of the man of genius, that side of his character seen when the mask is off, seen as only his wife can see him. And, still more important, seen not as by the woman with whom such a man is *in love,* for such a man in love is a very different individual from such a man in the usual course of his home existence. That is just the charm of the little book. Stephen Kirkland married to get sympathy, comfort, some one to lean on, some one before whom he need not be ashamed in moments of weakness. Other women saw him when his genius flamed into brilliancy in the heat of a passing passion. His quiet little wife saw the other moments, the reaction, the weakness, the depression that a man who is a man hides from all but one observer, in those cases where he is so mated, hides from every one, where he has not found the woman whom he can trust. The book leads one out into a range of thought far above and beyond the interest it awakens in itself. It makes the thoughtful reader wish that the wives, the *successful* wives of some of the great men of the world, could have given their story as Esther Kirkland gives hers. It would be intensely illuminating and would make us understand many things.

Stephen Kirkland's career, in his astounding successes on such short preparation, sounds a little too improbable at times. Stephen Kirkland's character, as depicted by his wife, is very real. We do not see clearly, in this day of photographic realism, just how some of the events could have come about all in one lifetime. But we can see the man himself, with his charm of manner, his mental fastidiousness and personal carelessness, his depths of concentration and the reaction that followed, his weakness and his strength, his glorious egotism which was yet compatible with flashes of great thoughtfulness for others. The man is alive in every fibre, and is the figure that stands out in one's memory after reading the book, dominating all else. Most delightful of all, and most delightfully real, is Kirkland's delicious way of discovering life for himself, of enjoying all the explorer's delight in every new train of ideas that opens out before him, regardless of the fact that many others have gone that way before. This is one of the marks of such a mind, one of the great blessings it brings to its possessor. We are but mildly interested in the financial crisis, in the political pictures, in Senator Kirkland's opinions or changes of opinion. But in Stephen Kirkland the man, no reader can fail to find interest, an interest that grows as the story develops. And the charm is enhanced by the simple manner of the telling through the simple untutored mind of the quiet little woman who was Stephen Kirkland's wife and nothing else. She knows nothing of public affairs, and we see the world through her eyes of ignorance or indifference for everything that did not concern those belonging to her.

But in the simplicity of the telling there is great art, for the effect is gained and held throughout. The growth of love in a woman's heart, love earned through the sordid side of marriage, through the petty common cares, the intimacies that love alone is supposed to make possible, and that in this case bring about love—it is all slowly unfolded in the simplest sort of language, amid a lot of padding which forms a good enough, because indifferently coloured, background for the main theme, the main figure, to develop definitely. The heroine expresses the hope that the annals of her life may serve to encourage some woman here and there. One is inclined to doubt this, for in just these intimate battles of life no one's ex-

*A Successful Wife. By G. Dorset. New York: Harper and Brothers. Illustrated by J. Montgomery Flagg.

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perience can be of any help to others. But Esther Kirkland's life annals will give pleasure to a number of readers thoughtful enough to recognise the charm of this unpretentious volume, and to acknowledge its eminent success in the portrayal of the central character.

J. Marchand.

IV

H. J. Smith's "Enchanted Ground"*

In the old fairy-tales we are told that it was exceedingly dangerous to sleep upon enchanted ground, for then the spells would work, the evil powers triumph, the ugly transformations take place that could not prevail with him who fought off the fatal slumber, and at whatsoever sacrifice of pain and exhaustion, kept his eyes open and his mind alert.

Mr. Smith, in his novel *Enchanted Ground,* has identified New York as the perilous kingdom of the bad fairies, and seeks to show how the young men and maidens of the green hills and country places, straying upon the baleful territory, fall into sleep and suffer the sad magic of wickedness to overpower them, waking to find themselves black and misshapen where they had fallen asleep white and fair and straight enough.

The idea of the city as a place of danger is old, and older still the position of a man between two women, one good and the other bad, yet each appealing to him. It is the story of this book. Philip, in love with the white but distant Georgia, succumbs to the fascination of the close-at-hand and rainbow-tinted Katrinka. Afterward come remorse, confession, dismissal, the wrath of outraged good-womanhood, the long uphill struggle of the sinner, with the final outcome the reader has a right to expect. To be sure, Katrinka is pretty badly treated, but she has a husband somewhere and is left on her way back to him. She is not really bad, being conveniently foreign, and she is a great deal more interesting than the chill Georgia, who shares the ordinary fate of the good angel of the novels in proving something of a bore. Furthermore, Georgia possesses a tiresome old father given to quoting Scripture and groaning over his past, one result of this past being an unsuspected half-brother of Georgia's, a man of brilliant intellect but unfortunate habits. This alias John Barry is by long odds the best-drawn character in the book, a book more successful with its chorus girls and stenographers, boarding-house keepers and incidental personages generally than with what the slangy Queenie would describe as its "main guys." And the drab-coloured Irene, with her desperate desire to save this sister Queenie from the usual fate of the chorus girl, is amusing and human. Unfortunately, the book produces more the effect of being about people about whom the author has heard than a direct communication of life. The incidents and the experiences leave the reader cold. He does not suffer with Georgia nor strive with Philip, and he knows too well just about what he is to find in the pages still remaining to be turned. The title, in short, is the best thing the book has. Nevertheless, there is a certain sincerity of purpose that makes itself evident. The two men each have an ideal for which they fight, and they both win out; each, too, is the better for the fire that has scorched but not permanently scarred him. The scenes between them are good. In the book's unevenness lies its chief promise of better work to come. There is something real in it, though it only gets through in spots, one of these spots being Mr. Smith's evident intention of concerning himself with the facts of life, and of showing how these facts react on men and women. If his power grows, if he drops his stilted conceptions of the conversations that occur between any persons above the chorus-girl grade, and realises that a man supposedly in the stress of mortal suffering will not indulge in such words as "peradventure" or such phrases as "the man who addresses you is already sealed with death" and "he has paid the price, lo, these many years," particularly when he is speaking to his daughter, even though this man chances to be a Colonel, why, Mr. Smith may give us a book that will prove worth reading from the first page to the last.

Hildegarde Hawthorne.

*Enchanted Ground. By Harry James Smith. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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V

Corra Harris's "A Circuit Rider's Wife"*

In *A Circuit Rider's Wife* Mrs. Harris has done more than a mere narrative of an individual life laid on the crude mountain altar of a fervid Christianity. The wife of this book assures you at the outset that she was not "one of those pallid prayer-meeting virgins who so naturally keep their lamps trimmed and burning before the pulpits of unmarried preachers." Speaking of these virgins she remarks: "They are really the best women to be found in any church, for they are the gentle, maiden sisters of all souls, the faded, feminine love-psalms of a benighted ministry who wither and grow old without ever suspecting that their hope was marriage no less than it is the hope of the giddiest girl. However, a preacher seldom takes one of them for his first wife. It is only after he has been left a widower with a house full of children that he turns imploring love looks in their direction." Hence you get the impression at the start that this biographing wife, despite her vicarious theological entanglements, is still a woman and with a sense of humour too. She marries a young and earnest seeker after the truth and she soon finds that with him "prayer was simply a spiritual obsession, based on a profound sense of mortal weakness, and very mystifying to his young wife, who had cheerfully said her orisons from a book night and morning with an easy Canterbury conscience."

What follows is the record of thirty years of circuit-riding after the devil and the weakness of the flesh and the spirit, a life hemmed in by a narrowness of ecclesiastical vision no less confining than the great bald brown mountains that shut off the view of the great free, frank world outside. You go from "love feasts," which Mrs. Harris calls "a sort of Dun and Bradstreet opportunity to know the exact spiritual standing of every man and woman in the community," to the hectic "revival," which has so much wrestling with the Spirit that it is a wonder that she did not call it acrobatic Christianity. Yet the wife views it all with a sympathetic tolerance despite the jolt to her own ideals of life and religion. The people among whom her husband labours are crude, almost primeval, with "an unkempt earthiness" about them. They make an awful business of being good and their religion is a terrifying and scary thing. She finds consolation in the fact, however, that her husband has never called himself "sanctified." "Sanctification," she adds, "is a good thing to preach and a better thing to strive after, but the minute a man professes it he becomes less truthful and less intelligent spiritually, and he proceeds to develop along these lessening lines."

But despite its frankness there is no ridicule in this book. Those thirty years of circuit comradeship, scorched by the hot suns on the dusty lowlands, chilled by the blasts of the mountain places; years of nursing the sick, shrouding the dead, laying on the hand of fellowship and courage, speak eloquently of a high faith. But one may have humour even amid psalm singing and the lightning spiritual change of revivals. Here is a naive bit from a mountain district. One Sabbath morning the Circuit Rider was conducting a Sunday-school class of human by-products of the moonshine "stills." He told his pupils of the forty and two children who were devoured by the two she-bears because they made fun of a bald-headed man.

"I don't believe that tale," spoke up one boy.

"Why," asked the parson.

"Because," replied the boy, "if only two bears had eat that many children, it would have busted 'em wide open."

Even the burning faith of the Circuit Rider could not prevail against this.

At one revival where a notorious backslider had been converted for the fifth consecutive time and was taken immediately back to the bosom of his long-suffering wife, Mrs. Harris remarks, "It is no wonder that women believe in God easier than any one else does. They can believe with so little reason in men."

Nor is this book without its big and ennobling element of tragedy. There is the storm-swept night in the mountains when the little itinerant comes to the

* A Circuit Rider's Wife. By Corra Harris. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company.

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Circuit Rider's door. Here is a chapter of great tenderness and haunting pathos, for the child is born dead. The wife insists upon its being baptised, and in the grim dawn its wandering baby spirit is led to God. Over its tiny bier Mrs. Harris puts this paragraph:

> And there, high up on the mountains, under the very eave of Heaven, swinging deep in his brown cradle of earth, the mother angels will find him, the little itinerant, with his dust properly baptised. When they come on the last day to awaken and gather up those very least babies who died so soon they will not understand the resurrection call when they hear it.

The sidelights on congregations viewed from the intimacy of the minister's wife's pew are delightful. Here is one piquant observation:

> The most conscienceless gossips in the world are to be found always among the thoroughly upright, meanly impeccable, members of any and every church. They are the Scribes and Pharisees who contribute most to the building of houses of worship; they give most to its causes. They are the "right hands" of preachers from their youth up. They are the pale, pious little boys and girls who behaved and who graduated from the Sunday-schools without being converted to the church. They are the duty doing "firsts" who shall be the last and least in the world to come.

Then there is the woman "who cannot distinguish between her sentimental emotions and her spiritual ambitions." These, remarks Mrs. Harris, are the undoing of the pulpit, because they go to see the pastor in his church study. "Those who build studies for their pastors in the back part of the church," she says, "surround him with the four walls of moral destruction, and invite it for him. The place for the minister's study is his own home, with his wife passing in and out if he has female spiritual invalids calling on him." This does not mean that our Circuit Rider ever fell, but his wife was a shrewd observer—and was a woman.

After many years the wife learns that she cannot domesticate the Circuit Rider. She says:

> A woman might get married to him and hang like a kissing millstone around his neck; she might sew on his buttons, bear children, teach him to eat rolled oats, surround him with every evidence of earthly ties and a home but he will not live there in the spirit. He belongs to God. So William never really belonged in his own house with his own body, his own wife and his breakfast, although he often rested there and seemed to enjoy the latter. He was more at home in the Psalms. I will not say he went as far as Jehovah. When he was in a Leviticus frame of mind very few of the minor prophets satisfied his craving for the awful. The gentle springtime of his heart was when he took up with Saint John in the New Testament. He never professed the intimate fellow-feeling I have heard some conceited preachers express for Saint Paul. He was not a great man; he was just a good one and too much of a gentleman to thrust himself upon a big saint like Paul even in his imagination.

The day comes when the Circuit Rider meets the Black Horseman on the road and falls before him. He becomes superannuated, turns to Job, and he goes to his first circuit to die. When his wife is worn out with watching, a woman, who is rejected and despised, comes and nurses him. She tells him that his God "ain't nothing but a Paradise capitalist and aristocrat," that for her "the word God stands for something in the hearts of men and women bigger'n a Paradise gardener with a taste for music." To the last the Rider wrestles with her.

When he mounts for the Final Circuit his wife goes to New York to live with a rich sister. She feels as if she had the doxology stamped on her brow. But she has been human all along and fits into the ways of luxury, yet she cannot shake off the mantle that her husband's incessant religion had put about her. She finds the fashionable city congregation "created by electricity, with a spiritual button for a soul that you press into religious fervour by rendering an organ opera behind the pulpit. "The pure passion of the Circuit days stirs within her; the rough-hewn image of a Great Faith beckons to her from the oft-travelled roads, and she goes back to the parsonage where she went as bride, to dwell to the end with the memory of an unaffected godliness.

Isaac F. Marcosson.

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VI

I. A. R. Wylie's "The Native Born"*

With all the good-will in the world—since it is the first work of a new writer—one cannot accord very high praise to Miss Wylie's novel, *The Native Born*. Carefully composed and carefully written, it is a conscientious effort, but it scarcely escapes the commonplace claptrap of melodrama. The premises upon which it is based are too absurd—that such complications of infantile identity as the author posits could possibly arise even in India, and at the time of an uprising and a massacre, transcends belief; and that an adventurer and an adventuress of no deeper devices than Archibald Travers and Beatrice McConnell alias Cary could operate, unhindered, in a province of the Indian Empire, and nearly cause a general conflagration by hoodwinking a native prince under the very eyes of the government agents, gives altogether too weak-minded a version of English colonial administration. Surely in real life Travers's sufficiently transparent plans would have been divined by some watchful official, and he would have been promptly railroaded out of the country. But the book makes few pretensions to represent real life. The India here shown is certainly not the India of Kipling, of Flora Annie Steele, or of Alice Perrin; or, rather, it would seem as if the author knew of that country only through the works of those Anglo-Indian authors. The descriptions are wholly lacking in any detailed verisimilitude, in any evidences of first-hand observation. The scene of the story is thus an imaginary scene, and as such is without even that riotous exuberance of fancy found in such a book as Louis Vance's *The Bronze Bell*. And what applies to the setting applies equally to the characters. Compared with the sketch of a Rajah's son who tries to break down the barriers of caste and religion in Alice Perrin's *Idolatry*, Miss Wylie's Nehal Singh is a purely ideal creation, who carries conviction at no point. The other characters are equally stock figures of romance, and Beatrice alone among them is individualised to the point of distantly becoming a distinct personality. Even she, however, is rather an idea than a person—the idea of regeneration through love, which is by no means rare in contemporary literature, though there are here differences in the working out that attest some originality of invention, while the logic of the conversion is sound, without being psychologically subtle, and the process itself is not too operatically abrupt.

If we leave to one side the absurdity of the premises, the construction of the story is neat and workmanlike, the development of the action is orderly and consequent, and there is a kind of rhetorical balance in the main argument, caused by the double revolution in the mind of the young Rajah, whereby, after having lost his faith in the heroic character of the English, he recovers his ancient admiration as a result of his very attempt, stoutly resisted, to drive them from his territory. The author's best gift, however, is, perhaps, a sense of effective situation, though this is of a theatrical order, and would find its best expression on the stage. The writing of a play or two would be a good discipline for her, since it would force her to cut and condense her dialogue, which now has a constant tendency to harden into academic discussion of issues involving life and death and happiness for the individuals who speak. There is little that is natural in this interchange, which is always stiff and formal even when it is meant to be most casual and spontaneous. There is a certain self-consciousness about the characters, which comes, of course, to some extent at least, from the self-consciousness of the author. She does not hear her people speak, because her attention is concentrated upon herself and her artistic effort. It is upon her ability to cast off this self-consciousness and to identify herself with her characters that will, in large measure, depend her future success as a novelist—upon this, and upon the maturing of her interest in life itself, for its own sake, and not merely as the mechanical means of working out those ingenious problems in mathematics called plots. It must be said that there is not much here to afford encouragement

*The Native Born. By I. A. R. Wylie. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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as to the future, and perhaps the safest course for the reviewer is simply to present the story to the reader just as it is, to wit, a melodrama that, at its worst, is not, after all, more mechanical, or impersonal, than the work of half a dozen popular and successful writers in this field. For many it will produce all the illusion necessary for complete enjoyment of its sentiments and sensational thrills.

W. A. Bradley.

VII

R. W. Kauffman's "The House of Bondage"*

Conditions underlying the "white slave traffic" are the subject-matter of this novel by Mr. Kauffman. The author has unnecessarily restricted his field by making the original seducer of the heroine a professional "cadet." He has fallen in with the current sensationalism, the current exaggeration of the specially developed agent of vice as the precipitating cause of the girl's degradation. Mr. Kauffman is a socialist, and his implied argument would have been stronger if he had pointed out the more subtle and more common ways in which commercialism affects the character and lives of women. The broader background is indeed described in the book—the social cause of the evil is indeed sufficiently insisted upon, but, in order to meet the momentary interest, Mr. Kauffman has in the matter of the "cadet" taken the easiest way. He has thereby weakened the book both as sociology and as literature.

To those who read the newspapers—and the newspapers do not look for the usual and the typical, but for the unusual and the exceptionally striking—this book will offer no novelty. To those who are familiar with the beliefs and ideas of "radical" sociologists this book will offer no novelty. It contains "group" truth—truths complete or partial which are recognised by groups of people, and the truths are put in the way they put them.

Mr. Kauffman's book is an able book. His material is conventional. He takes the facts given him by the newspapers, he takes the ideas given him by "groups," and he uses them with skill and ability. The workmanship is fluent but good. But the fact remains that the book might have been written by somebody else, provided that somebody else were as able a writer and chapter-builder as is Mr. Kauffman. Here we come upon the estimate of the book as art. The work is well done, but it has very little relation to literature. The author's personality is not there. It is not life seen through a temperament. It is life seen through the conventionalised results of "group" sociology.

Mr. Kauffman's work does not seem personal. An artist, as opposed to a craftsman, might have had the same background, held the same social ideas as those of Mr. Kauffman, and yet he would have made us feel that he was giving his personal vision, his personal experience, his personal angle toward the facts. The artist is in this way supremely independent. He makes us feel that he has reenvisaged the material involved. And so he shakes or reinforces our ideas. But Mr. Kauffman's book, able as it is, leaves us just where we began. It is not a contribution. It is an exploitation.

The best book that I have read on this general subject is *Bubu de Montparnasse,* by Phillippe. It is written as if the author had never heard any ideas expressed about prostitution. It is absolutely unconventional. It shows complete artistic sympathy with the material. It treats the facts as other facts in nature—with no conventional moral reaction expressed. It is therefore all the more terrible. We see the terrible life itself, and we don't get "group" opinions about it. But we do get some real fresh, independent, truthful facts which we may use either in strengthening or in weakening the social ideas we have hitherto held. We get the personal vision of an impersonal artist.

In Mr. Kauffman's able book—well written, well constructed, lucidly conceived—there is no vision. And to go through these terrible details, without the charm and the relief and the awakening, reconciling and stimulating quality of art, is helpful neither to heart, head nor volume of true knowledge.

Hutchins Hapgood.

* The House of Bondage. By Reginald Wright Kauffman. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

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VIII

C. N. and A. M. Williamson's "The Motor Maid"*

The Motor Maid is constructed according to the formula with which we have grown familiar, and there is no reason why that considerable portion of the reading public which, since the days of *The Lightning Conductor,* has consistently followed the Williamson books should in this case express any disappointment. All the old ingredients are there, the Car, the Man, the Woman, the romance, the usual complications, the deft dialogue, and the well-written descriptions of scenery, which may be skipped if the reader is so inclined. Indeed, just as the pursuit of novelty led to the production of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* with casts that included two Topsies, so in *The Motor Maid* there is the double attraction that both hero and heroine are in a measure masqueraders. Lys d'Angelys, half French and half American, running away from her relatives in order to escape marriage with an enormously wealthy manufacturer of corn plasters, accepts the position of lady's maid to an elderly virago who is splurging through the Riviera on her second honeymoon. The elderly virago has a husband who is somewhat less obnoxious than herself and a motor car which is the last cry in the points of beauty, power and mechanical perfection. By the way, who is going to introduce the average Car into fiction? The novelists, so far, have given us only perfection and the atrociously bad. But to come back to our sheep, the car of this story—an Aigle—has a superlatively handsome chauffeur who is of the same real station of life, and in much the same present predicament as the Motor Maid. Little more need be said. Of course, there is the usual cad, and of course he insists on driving the Car and bringing it to disaster. He is soundly thrashed near the end of the story, and the Motor Maid and the Gentleman Chauffeur fall into each other's arms, and there is a convenient relenting aunt who gives them a castle in Spain—no, Italy—and an income sufficient to maintain it, so, as has been said, everybody should be perfectly satisfied.

R. A. Whay.

* The Motor Maid. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

IX

Richard Harding Davis's "Once Upon a Time"*

This collection of eight of Mr. Davis's short stories impresses the reviewer as being satisfactory but by no means astonishing. It represents the serious, careful effort of a finished workman, who is also a natural story teller. But it lacks the enthusiasm and buoyancy that went into the making, some twenty years ago, of the atrociously constructed and wholly delightful "Gallegher." There is just the difference. The Mr. Davis of the early days wrote for the sheer joy of writing; the Mr. Davis of the present writes because writing is his *métier.*

While there is nothing in the present volume quite so good as "The Exiles" or "The Reporter Who Made Himself King," or "The Other Woman," these tales are far from being commonplace. There are two, "A Question of Latitude" and "The Spy," that belong in the very first rank of Mr. Davis's short stories. The first named is a summing up of the writer's experiences in the Congo. It is at once an arraignment of the white man's misrule and cruelty and an explanation. In "The Spy" he goes back to the scenes of *Soldiers of Fortune* and *Captain Macklin*—the South or Central American Republic of revolutions, and dictators, and corrupt financial schemers from the States. Indeed, almost every story in this collection calls to mind some one of the writer's earlier tales, although there may be no actual resemblance at all. Read "A Charmed Life" and one thinks somehow of "On the Fever Ship." "The Messenger" suggests "The Writing on the Wall," though why it should is hard to say. The idea of "The Make Believe Man" is a typical Davis idea, and one that goes back to the golden days in the young life of Mr. Cortlandt Van Bibber.

F. L. Onslow.

* Once Upon a Time. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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THE SOCIAL LADDER AND SOME RECENT NOVELS*

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

N spite of revolutions and guillotines and declarations of independence, human genius has so far failed to invent a stable government under which all men are socially as well as politically free and equal, a community in which liberty, equality and fraternity reign in the drawing-room as well as at the polls. The domestic and social life of civilised humanity is a stratified formation, not cleanly and sharply distinguished, like courses of bricks or masonry, but blending almost insensibly one with another, and capable, like mica, of countless splittings, infinite scalings-off of layers almost too attenuated for separate existence. In a broad and general way, it may be said that no form of fiction which pretends, even remotely, to be a picture of life, can wholly ignore the existence of the social strata. No matter how deliberately and consistently a novelist limits himself to a particular class, a circumscribed locality, a special business or calling, he will find it impossible to leave completely out of his canvas all the other grades and employments and territorial divisions that make up the world at large. The chief interest in any human portraiture, whether the *pays latin* of Murger, or the *petite bourgeoisie* of Paul de Kock, the Vanity Fair of Thackeray's London, the dreary monotony of Mrs. Wilkins Freeman's New England farm or the resigned fatalism of Verga's Sicilian peasantry, is relative and not absolute; while the author is carefully telling us what his characters are, we are subconsciously noting all that his characters are not. They get their high lights through the force of contrast, not resemblance; we measure them by the standard of the people around us in our own special social stratum.

Accordingly, there is no one thing about which a novelist ought to take such pains to be accurate as about the thousand and one elusive and indefinable little details of speech and action and daily usage that make up the atmosphere of a particular social level. That is why it is so much wiser for an author to limit himself to writing about that class of people that he knows best, usually the people among whom he was born and reared. It is the only sure way of escaping such ironies as that of Daudet upon Balzac, "Balzac the provincial, disclosing the great Parisian world, describing with the imagination of a dazzled country squire a world he had never seen." Jane Austen, within the narrow circle of her experience, could touch with absolute sureness the various social types and values; but one dreads to think what sorry work she might have made of a London novel, even had she been content with the modest environment of Henrietta Street.

What complicates the task of the novelist still further is that society, even in the older and more conservative centres, is in a permanent state of unstable equilibrium. People do not stay in the stratum to which they were born; they either force their way energetically higher and higher, or else gravitate slowly and impotently downward, through privations and ignominies that would be powerless to wound those who are calloused to them from birth. For the most part, however, this steady migration from one

* The Osbornes. By E. F. Benson. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Devious Ways. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: Duffield and Company.

The Barrier. By René Bazin. Translated by Mary D. Frost. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Daughters of Suffolk. By William Jasper Nicolls. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Flamsted Quarries. By Mary E. Waller. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Meddlings of Eve. By William J. Hopkins. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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social class to another is accomplished so gradually that a continual readjustment takes place: the son of a well-to-do peasant makes a little money in trade; his son in turn enlarges the business; the third generation accomplishes the transition from retail to wholesale; and among the sons or grandsons of this wholesale merchant there may very well be one or more professional men, bankers, lawyers, statesmen. It has all come about so slowly and naturally that the newcomers fit into their places almost as if to the manner born. It is when some exceptional combination of circumstances thrusts people suddenly out of their natural setting, upward or downward, that we get in all its relentless sharpness the grotesque tragedy of social displacements.

Curiously enough, the migrations up and down the social ladder, rich as they are in comic as well as tragic situations, have not been half appreciated by the novelists. Of course it is possible to cite from almost any of the great writers some instances of people forced by fate out of their rightful place or scrambling by their own efforts into an uncomfortable eminence. But usually such cases are of the type known in theatrical parlance as "character parts," as distinguished from "straight parts," and serve to furnish the "comic relief" or to serve some other subordinate purpose. The novels that concern themselves primarily with the problems that arise from transferring men and women out of their natural element into an alien atmosphere, although one of the oldest existing types of fiction, are so largely in the minority that it would be a comparatively short and simple task to catalogue them. There is, for instance, the novel of the self-made man—an ancient, time-honoured type, dating all the way back to the Trimalchio in the *Satiræ* of Petronius, its earliest surviving prototype—Trimalchio, the freedman, with his vast possessions, his ridiculous extravagances, his unspeakable vulgarity. And conceived in essentially the same spirit, despite the different standards of the age, are such modern examples of the type as Balzac's *César Birotteau,* Daudet's *Nabab,* Howells's *Silas Lapham,* Verga's *Mastro-Don Gesualdo,* Herrick's *Diary of an American Citizen*—the list could be prolonged, but not to a great extent. Yet hardly any situation in life lends itself to a more infinite variety of complications, shading all the way from the trifling embarrassment born of not knowing which particular fork to use for oysters at a dinner party to the cataclysm of a vaulting ambition that has o'erleaped itself and landed in a social and financial wreckage.

Probably the reason why this class of themes has not been popular with a wider circle of writers is because it requires an exceptionally wide outlook upon life, an exceptional subtlety of understanding and sureness of touch. To burlesque the thing would be comparatively easy. We all know the broad farce comedy of the servant girl masquerading in her mistress's ball dress and floundering helplessly over the trailing lengths of her borrowed plumage. It is precisely because a false position of any sort is so fatally easy to caricature that we so seldom get a writer capable of keeping close upon that delicate border-line between smiles and tears. Gaucheries of speech or gesture are frankly funny if sufficiently exaggerated. The clown and the court jester are so flagrantly out of tune with their environment that they become a law unto themselves. It is the man or woman who almost does the expected thing, who just misses using the conventional phrase, who has achieved ninety-nine of the hall-marks of culture, that offers the novelist a target for cruel irony. We can any of us listen complacently for a half hour while some Italian fruit vendor tears the English language to rags and tatters; but how we wince when some acquaintance habitually mispronounces one particular word! How we try to steer the conversation away from any subject that is likely to involve the use of that word; and how exasperatingly fate contrives to defeat our purpose and to slip in that word with its misplaced stress or false quantity before we have had a chance to escape with a hasty handclasp and a half-spoken goodbye! And more goading still is some little pet vulgarity which the social climber almost invariably transfers from one stratum to another—it may range all the

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way from unwashed hands or soiled cuffs to some little persistent trick of table manners or perhaps only some lingering prejudice of class that is sure to be voiced at the most inauspicious moment. And human nature is so constituted that the nearer one comes to the social standard without quite reaching it the more difficult it is to forgive the failure. It is the counterfeit which almost escapes detection that gives our Secret Service something to worry over.

"The Osbornes"

It is for reasons of this sort that, when a family has suddenly raised itself up several rungs of the social ladder at a single stride, the second generation will be far more apt than the parents to do little things that will be resented. The elders are so palpably out of their setting! No one can possibly mistake them for what they are not, no one expects from them a degree of refinement and of social knowledge beyond what they actually have. You may accept them or not, as you please; but in either case you know just where you stand. But with the sons and daughters it is different. They have almost caught the manner and the accent—but not quite; and because the fact that they are somehow different betrays itself suddenly, in unexpected ways, they irritate, where a cruder form of vulgarity would frankly amuse. This in brief is the substance of Mr. E. F. Benson's new volume, *The Osbornes,* a book that deserves much more serious attention than it is likely to receive. The truth about Mr. Benson is that he has from the start had all the qualifications for producing work of a much higher order of importance than those that he actually has produced, and that he has chosen to cloak the real substance of what he does write beneath a superficial lightness that is really not necessary to his stories. In other words, he has never allowed the world to forget that he was the author of *Dodo*—and when people say *Dodo* they remember only the froth and forget the sting of it as a social satire. *The Osbornes* shows us what Mr. Benson might have been doing all these years had he so chosen. It is a whole-souled sort of book, with a broad, charitable outlook upon life, an unshaken conviction of the innate goodness of the average man and woman. It chronicles the later fortunes of the Osbornes, "Eddie" and "Mrs. O.," and their two sons, "Per"—who had his father's sense of a joke—and "old Claude," who, the family agree, is "a rum fellow"—after "Eddie" has turned his hardware business into a stock company and migrated to London. At the opening of the volume they are already well launched upon their campaign of social conquest.

> Their house was new and solid, and in point of fact none of its inhabitants, with the curious exception of Claude, were quite used to it yet. . . . Mr. Osborne was very careful of his beautiful things and admired them in proportion to their expensiveness. He could remember how much all the more important pictures, articles of furniture, and tapestries had "stood him in." And he ran no risk of forgetting these items, for he kept them green in his memory by often speaking of them to his guests.
>
> "Yes," he would say, "there's three thousand pounds' worth of seating accommodation in this very drawing-room, and they tell me 'twas lucky to have got the suite at that figure. All Louis—Louis—Per, my boy, did they tell us it was Louis XV or XVI? Sixteenth; yes, Louis XVI. Divide it up and you'll find it averages two hundred pounds a chair. Seems funny to sit on two hundred pounds, hey? Mrs. Osborne, she said a bright thing about that. 'Sit firm, then,' she said, 'and you'll keep it safe.'"

But "Eddie" and "Mrs. O." and "Per" very largely form the background against which Mr. Benson has portrayed the drama of Claude's marriage to Dora West. Dora really belongs by birth and tradition to the world where he is only an interloper. But her family is impoverished and her reckless brother Jim is year by year entangling their affairs more hopelessly. She has met Claude, who is quite different from the rest of his people—for, being his uncle Alf's presumptive heir, he has had the advantages of Eton and Oxford and, as his mother phrased it, "knew how to behave as if the whole room belonged to him!" Dora persuades herself that she is in love with Claude, partly because he is better looking than a man has any business to be—but more,

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the reader suspects, because she is tired of being poor; tired, every time she wants a new hat, of buying an untrimmed straw for two shillings, a ribbon for two shillings more, and trimming it herself.

"May, I feel just like a silly sentimental girl in an impossible *feuilleton*. He thrills me, isn't it awful? But he does. Thrills! I don't believe that any boy was ever so good-looking. And then suddenly, in the middle of my thrill, it all stops with a jerk, just because he says that somebody is a very 'handsome lady.' Why shouldn't he say 'handsome lady'? He said he thought my mother was such a handsome lady, and I nearly groaned out loud. . . . Am I in love with him? For heaven's sake, tell me."

Had May possessed the wisdom to analyse Dora's heart correctly Mr. Benson would have had no story to write. Dora marries Claude, and day by day the glamour of his good looks fades, the thrills become fewer, the tendency to have it "all stop with a jerk" increases. The open crudeness of his father and mother becomes frankly funny, and her undisguised amusement at them, which they don't in the least resent, cuts Claude deeply; while his own tendency to say the thing that is utterly wrong, because so nearly right, gets more and more upon her nerves. There is no object in spoiling the reader's keen enjoyment by analysing further a volume made up equally of entertainment and of wisdom. But the lesson taught is the wholesome one that it matters less what people say and do than what they really are—and also that in order to have the right to laugh at people you must have earned that right by learning to love them.

"Devious Ways"

Devious Ways, by Gilbert Cannan, is a book equally difficult to read and to analyse because the deviousness implied in the title keeps us scampering up and down the social ladder with the agility of an acrobat. The earlier portion of the volume, depicting the unhappy childhood of David Brockman after his mother had died, and vulgar, illiterate Mrs. Spencer, the nurse, who had tended his mother, installed herself permanently in her place, is exceedingly well done in that same tone of drab monotony that was the chief merit of *Peter Homunculus*. But from the time when David, a half-grown boy, rebels against the destiny in store for him, namely, to be assigned to a stool and a ledger in his father's office, and instead runs away and ships on board a vessel bound for Rio, the story becomes exceedingly difficult to follow. We see him vaguely, as if through a mist, in strange, dark, unsavoury corners of the world, a penniless vagrant at Shanghai, a fever-stricken wanderer at Colombo, a bit of human driftwood, tossed and buffeted from one port to another, usually penniless, often starving, never with any settled employment, any definite plans, any ambition in life. At last he drifts at the end of quite a wonderful voyage, such as Joseph Conrad himself need not have been ashamed of writing, into a queer, motley gathering of people—actors, mountebanks, musicians, who like himself had drifted from the four corners of the earth to the southern end of the continent of Africa. And here David, who through all his wanderings has carried in his heart the vague image of an ideal woman, finds her materialised in the shape of a girl of most unsavoury surroundings and antecedents—a girl whose mother practises the profession followed by Mr. Kipling's Lalun and dies a sudden and most unpleasant death. David about this time inherits a fortune from an aunt on his mother's side, is thus enabled to give himself the rare privilege of doing what he pleases—and what he pleases most of all is to marry Nina, of nameless antecedents, and take her back with him to England. Up to this point David has been slowly and painfully acquiring a knowledge of life in general; but how to use his knowledge is a matter of which he has only the most rudimentary ideas. In London he is socially a success, the literary and artistic crowd recognise in him big possibilities. But to the end of the book he is still feeling his way. His wife turns out to be the treasure that he really believes her; but although he had the instinct to discover and to win her, he does not possess the singleness of heart to be true to her, the strength of will to keep himself worthy. The book intends to leave us

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with the belief that at last through his trials and his blunders, in other words, through "devious ways," David has reached that point where he will really do something and be something that is worth while. But the reader will probably prefer to remain sceptical. The weakness of the book lies in its formlessness. One feels in regard to almost any chapter that it might have been left out and something else substituted without seriously imperilling the book's structure. Such merit as it has lies in certain character studies, the hopeless vulgarity of Mrs. Spencer, the weakness of will of old Brockman,—and in a few, wonderfully vivid scenes of strange, exotic places and people.

The Barrier, translated none too well from the French of René Bazin, emphasises the gulf that arises, not through social differences, but those founded upon religious standards and beliefs. Marie Limerel, spending with her mother a few months in England, makes the acquaintance of Reginald Breynolds at a time when he is passing through a critical transition period. He has ceased to believe the tenets of the Church of England and is unconsciously leaning toward the Roman Church, which, of course, is Marie's church. It is obvious that the girl's sympathy and counsel form a weighty factor in determining him to break with his father, who has already made it clear to him that if he goes over to the Church of Rome he will be disinherited. Marie believes that she is in love with her cousin, Félicien; and the fact that his parents are bitterly opposed to the match on mercenary grounds, has no weight with either of the young people. Félicien, however, has lost his faith,

"The Barrier"

well-nigh completely, and Marie refuses to marry him until he is able to tell her that the old faith has come back. By a curious coincidence, the Frenchman and the Englishman meet one night to attend the all-night vigil in the Basilica in Montmartre,—Félicien, in the vague hope of winning back his belief, Reginald with the expectation of confirming his. The vivid contrasts of this scene, the despair of the one man and the joy of the other, together with the pervading atmosphere of religious mysticism, makes this particular chapter rank high as a characteristic specimen of Monsieur Bazin's finest and most delicate work. The story ends with a certain inconclusiveness that in this particular case is the finest possible touch of art. The barrier between Reginald and his father, and between Félicien and Marie has been made insuperable. Whether eventually Marie and Reginald will come together is a question that Monsieur Bazin leaves each of us to answer as we choose.

The Daughters of Suffolk, by William Jasper Nicolls, belongs to that exasperating class of historical novels that contain a maximum of history with a minimum of novel. So far as the social ladder is concerned, it takes us as near the top rung as a book well can, since the chief characters are Suffolk's daughters, Lady Jane Grey and her sister Katherine, King Edward Sixth, Bloody Mary, and Elizabeth. Undoubtedly, the social picture of the times is carefully and vividly drawn; the Christmas festivities, presided over, according to time-honoured custom, by the Lord of Misrule; and the cleverly laid plot by which Suffolk's younger daughter was to be tricked into a union against her will, through the pretended frivolity of a mock marriage, are all pictured with a graphicness and an assured touch that lend reality to the narrative. But unluckily the writer has chosen to remind us constantly of the remoteness of his scenes and his people; he has chosen to quote literally from ancient letters and documents of state; and when it comes to a question, for instance, of how women of that period dressed, instead of giving a simple description in his own words, he borrows from some old chronicler, retaining even the strange spelling of the time:

"The Daughters of Suffolk"

> Their netherbockes and stockings are either of silke, jeansey, worsted, crewell, or at least of as fine yearne, thread, or clothe as is possible to be hadde; yes, they are not ashamed to weare hose of all kinds of chaungeable colours, as green, red, white, russet, and els what. . . . All of which, if I should endeavour myself to expresse, I might with like facilitie number

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the sands of the sea, the starres in the skie, or the grasse upon the earth, so infinite and innumerable be their abuses.

To run across this sort of thing, interwoven in the text of what purports to be fiction, gives one something of a shock. Even Becker's *Gallus,* with its painful resemblance to a literary patchwork, its pervading redolence of the midnight oil, relegates all citations from ancient authorities either to the footnotes or the appendix.

"Flamsted Quarries"

Flamsted Quarries, by Mary E. Waller, author of *The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus,* is a volume rich in entertainment, with many a scene full of courage and tenderness, a number of characters that are a pleasure to have known, and here and there a technical fault, a bit of false or unnecessary construction that gives us a transitory sense of exasperation. The machinery of the story is simple. There is a child of the vaudeville stage with a wonderful voice and a natural gift for acting. In the opening chapters, she bears a number of names, "The Little Patti," "Sally," "Flibbertigibbet," anything and everything excepting her real name of Aileen Armagh. It happens on a certain night that three people, widely separated, but destined to be closely thrown together, find themselves at the vaudeville house listening to the child's wonderful voice, and conceiving a strong and permanent interest in her. These three are a college student, a New York banker and a Catholic priest. This coincidence is one of the small irritations of the book, if we stop to think of it seriously. It is putting rather a tax on our credulity to ask us to believe that these three people, who never before had even heard of the child's existence,should be so moved by her song as to leave the theatre after her turn is over, collide in the lobby, have the memory of each other's faces printed permanently upon them and all three have a share henceforth in making that little vaudeville child the strong, fine, self-reliant woman that she afterward becomes. The priest is instrumental in removing her from the stage; the banker is the man who finds a home for her in the village of Flamsted Quarries in a corner of northern Maine; and the college student happens to be a cousin of the woman who takes the girl in, and proves later to be the one man in the world that the girl is destined to love,—and that, too, in spite of his neglect, his treachery and his public disgrace. Nevertheless *Flamsted Quarries* is a book that can be enjoyed while reading it and afterward,—and as books go, that is really saying a good deal.

"The Meddlings of Eve"

The Meddlings of Eve, by William John Hopkins, brings us once again into touch with those delightful and very human people that we learned to know in the author's earlier volume, *The Clamner.* Like Miss Austin's Emma Woodhouse, Eve is a born matchmaker, but unlike Emma, her meddlings, instead of proving disastrous, are eventually justified by the matches that she has in mind being triumphantly consummated, although one shrewdly suspects that the same result would have been reached without her intervention. Take, for instance, the case of Cecily, the first of the girls whose love affairs Eve tries to engineer. Cecily is engaged in a half-hearted way to Tom; but she has modern ideas about a career and she thinks she has a talent for art. So she gives Tom back his ring and goes to New York, to take a studio and toil and grow thin and worry herself ill over the rumours that reach her from home that Tom is paying marked attention to a certain Alice Charbonnel. In the course of events, this Alice Charbonnel takes it into her head to have her portrait painted, and Cecily is summoned home from New York to do the painting. Naturally enough she meets Tom again and is convincingly shown that she need not have been jealous of Alice after all. Of course, Eve had a hand in the whole portrait manœuvre. But, as Mr. Knightley once told Emma Woodhouse, two sensible people who love each other can be safely trusted to manage their own affairs without any outside interference.

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THE CRAFTSMANSHIP OF WRITING

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

III—The Author's Purpose

In the preceding article in this series much emphasis was laid upon the importance of developing the critical faculty and of learning to look, first of all, in the books we read for the author's purpose. It is only by acquiring the ability to form an independent judgment of the works of others that a young writer can acquire the essential power of self-criticism; it is only by studying the purposes of other writers that we learn the importance of having a purpose of our own, and of expressing that purpose clearly.

AT the moment of beginning this article, which is to concern itself with The Author's Purpose, a memory comes back, very clear and distinct, of a certain Sunday many years ago, and of a rather prim old lady who had been to hear an eccentric and sensational preacher, and who came away shaking her head and murmuring in scandalised wonderment, "Why, he didn't even give out a text!" Now, whether the preacher really had dispensed with a text or whether the bewildered old lady had simply lost sight of it is immaterial; what does matter is that in the sermon we have at least one type of composition in which there is a clearly understood convention that the writer's purpose shall be defined beyond all question and at the very start. In other literary forms, unfortunately, the need of having a purpose is more easily overlooked, because that purpose is more or less disguised, instead of being embodied in a specified chapter and verse. Yet, the mere circumstance that the poet and the novelist, for instance, differ from the preacher in not having to announce in advance the theme of their discourse does not alter the fact that "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," is the text of the *Ode on a Grecian Urn* and that Owen Wister's *Virginian* is an eloquent attempt to reconcile the New England conscience to the rule ethics of Western justice.

Now, the average person who would be very quick to note the omission of a Sunday morning text will quite complacently read a novel or a short story that does not possess even a rudimentary central idea without being aware that there is anything wrong with it. But wait until some one happens to ask such a reader what the book he chances to be reading is about. If the answer is crisp and concise you may know without reading it yourself that the book has something in it that is worth while; if, on the contrary, the answer comes uncertainly and long-drawn out, something to the effect that "It is about a man and a girl and they are talking together and a lot of things have happened," and so on indefinitely, you may be pretty sure that the book has no central idea at all. Now the one way of bringing home to a young writer the necessity of having a definite purpose is to make him form the habit of literary criticism which was urged in the preceding article. After we have once learned to ask ourselves regarding each new poem or essay or novel that comes our way, Did the author know what he was trying to do and has he succeeded in doing it?—then we are in a position to know that the most exasperating of all books is that which apparently has no central idea, no definite purpose—the amorphous, jelly-fish type of book that can no more be measured by a definite standard than we can measure a puff of cigarette smoke. And almost equally hopeless is the book in which the author has confused his purposes, leaving us vaguely guessing between several solutions; or, again, the book in which the author's purpose and form are hopelessly out of proportion—either a little

The Paramount Necessity of a Purpose

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tuppeny purpose like a seed pearl buried in a gypsy setting, or else a great big ethical principle squandered on a triolet, like a Koh-i-noor set for a little finger-ring. When we learn to recognise what bad workmanship these fundamental faults produce in others, then we are prepared to lay down the following rules for our own work: that we will always begin with a clearly defined purpose, single, not complex; that this purpose shall receive consistent development from the first line of our work to the last; and that we shall strive for a nicely balanced relationship between our central purpose and the setting we have chosen for it.

The Term Author's Purpose Defined

It is well, however, to understand at the outset just what we mean by this term, The Author's Purpose. It is used in this article in a very broad and elastic sense. It is something far broader than a deliberate intention to teach a lesson or to preach a creed—although these of course are among the subdivisions of the author's purpose. Perhaps the most general, all-embracing definition that may be given is to call it simply the thing which the author has set his heart upon saying, the one main idea that he must get across to his audience whether he succeeds in saying anything else or not. It comes very near to being synonymous with the germ idea, the nucleus or starting point of the whole work—but for the fact that an author's starting-point, the initial incident, the intuitive flash or whatever it may be that sets him moving along a particular path, may in some special cases be altogether lost sight of by the time he is ready to write his opening sentence.

Now it makes no difference when or where or how a writer stumbles upon the idea which is to serve as his central purpose. It may spring from his head at a moment's notice like Athena, full armoured—as was the case with the late Frank Norris, who, as has often been told, came one morning to his publishers' office, pale and trembling all over with excitement, and gasping out, almost inarticulately, "I've got a big idea! A great big idea! The biggest idea ever." It was the outlined scheme for his trilogy of the Epic of the Wheat. Or, again, the controlling purpose of a work may not be born until the structure has risen some distance toward completion and the author suddenly discovers that he is building better than he knew. But when this happens he must look carefully to his foundations to see if they be stout enough to bear the weight of the heavier structure. Otherwise it would be better to tear it down, stone from stone, and begin all over again. No thumb rule can be given for the discovery or manufacture of the Author's Purpose. If you find yourself compelled to ask, like the little prince in *Les Rois En Exile, "Donnez moi des idees sur les choses,"* then you had better lay aside your ambition to write.* But perhaps the advice given by Thoreau is as good as any that can be devised for stimulating a sluggish imagination:

> It would be a true discipline for the writer to take the least film of thought that floats in the twilight sky of his mind for his theme, about which he has scarcely one idea (that would be teaching his ideas how to shoot), make a lecture of this, by assiduity and attention get perchance two views of the same, increase a little the stock of knowledge, clear a new field instead of manuring the old.

The great trouble is that ideas, real ideas such as are likely to be of any importance or interest to a considerable number of people, are not so plentiful as to be easily found. They frequently represent well-nigh half the battle in a literary achievement of any importance. It is always so much easier to echo than to originate. One thing is certain: the central idea will not come at command; it

*Interesting in this connection is Daudet's own statement of the origin of *Kings in Exile:*

"Of all my books this (*Kings in Exile*) is unquestionably the one which I found most difficulty in standing on its feet, the one which I carried longest in my head in the stage of title and vague outline, as it appeared to me one October evening on Place du Carrousal, in the tragic rent in the Parisian sky caused by the fall of the Tuileries.

"Dethroned princes exiling themselves in Paris after their downfall, taking up their quarters on Rue de Rivoli, and when they woke in the morning and raised the shades at their windows, discovering those ruins—such was the first vision of *Kings in Exile.*"

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must be patiently hoped for, watched for, struggled for; it usually represents a good deal of hard work and a good deal of discouragement. Gibbon, as the whole world knows, received his inspiration one evening in Rome, as he sat musing among the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter. Yet he records, regarding the subsequent writing of his history:

> At the outset, all was dark and doubtful; even the title of the work, the true era of the Decline and Fall of the Empire, the limits of the introduction, the division of the chapters, and the order of the narrative; and I was often tempted to cast away the labour of seven years.

The uncertainty, the false start, the work which must be begun anew and on a different plan, have all been rather eloquently generalised by Mr. Henry James in his preface to *The Awkward Age:*

> When I think of my many false measurements that have resulted, after much anguish, in decent symmetries, I find the whole case a theme for the philosopher. The little ideas one wouldn't have treated save for the design of keeping them small, the developed situation that one would never with malice prepense have undertaken, the long stories that had thoroughly meant to be short, the short subjects that had underhandedly plotted to be long, the hypocrisy of modest beginnings, the audacity of misplaced middles, the triumph of intentions never entertained—with these patches, as I look about, I see my experience paved: an experience to which nothing is wanting save some grasp of its final lesson.

The Sudden Inspiration

Occasionally it may happen that the central idea comes in a sort of miraculous flash, an inspiration, a dream, such as was the case with Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde:* "In the small hours of one morning," says Mrs. Stevenson, "I was awakened by cries of horror from Louis. Thinking he had a nightmare, I awakened him. He said angrily, 'Why did you wake me? I was dreaming a fine bogey tale.' I had awakened him at the first transformation scene." So clearly did Stevenson have his germ idea in mind that the tale was written off in all the white heat of inspiration; yet it is recorded that that first draft had to be destroyed and the work begun anew, because the original plan lacked what we now think of as the underlying idea of the whole story, namely, the dual nature of the hero. In Stevenson's first conception Dr. Jekyll was equally bad at heart in both his natural and his acquired form.

The Artist must not Preach

Now it is quite true that the author's purpose, as a question of craftsmanship, concerns no one but himself; but there is one important reservation. The author's purpose must be suited to the artistic form in which he chooses to work. For instance, if he is a born fighter and his chosen weapons are words, it makes no difference which side of a controversy he espouses; he may fight for Whigs or Tories, slavery or emancipation, Christian Science or the Church of Rome—but to succeed he must put the whole vigour of his personality into it. Polemics can never be successfully made a matter of art for art's sake. On the other hand, in pure literature, whatever private feelings an author may have, whatever bias he may let us guess at, he has no business to intrude it deliberately into his written text. Mr. Frederic Harrison in his *Memories and Thoughts* has expressed this same important truth in a way that makes for remembrance*:

> Mark Pattison, of Oxford, used to say to a pupil who happens now to be both a brilliant writer and a leading statesman: "My good friend, you are not the stuff of which men of letters are made. You want to make people do something or you want to teach something. That is fatal to pure literature."
>
> Once or twice in my life I have taken up the pen in a vein of literary exercise, as a man turns to a game of billiards or to gardening after his day's work. But the demon soon

*And Lord Macaulay, writing of poetry in his *Essay on Milton,* comes curiously near saying the same thing in slightly different words: "Analysis is not the business of the poet. His office is to portray, not to dissect. His creed . . . will no more influence his poetry, properly so called, than the notions which a painter may have conceived respecting the lachrymal glands or the circulation of the blood will affect the tears of his Niobe or the blushes of his Aurora. If Shakespeare had written a book on the motives of human actions, it is by no means certain that it would have been a good one."

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arises and I find myself in earnest, trying to bring men over to one side. It is hopeless to make a man of letters out of a temper like that. Literature is art, and the artist should never preach.

And similarly Marion Crawford in his little monograph on *The Novel: What It Is,* writes as follows:

In art of all kinds the moral lesson is a mistake. It is one thing to exhibit an ideal worthy to be imitated, though inimitable in all its perfection, but so clearly noble as to appeal directly to the sympathetic string that hangs untuned in the dullest heart; to make man brave without arrogance, woman pure without prudishness, love enduring yet earthly, not angelic, friendship sincere but not ridiculous. It is quite another matter to write a "guide to morality," or a "hand-book for practical sinners" and call either one a novel, no matter how much fiction it may contain. Wordsworth tried the moral lesson and spoiled some of his best work with botany and the Bible.

It is the disregard of this important axiom of literature that has produced that hybrid monstrosity, the so-called Novel with a Purpose. Of all the purposes which by any chance may actuate a writer the most mistaken purpose and the one most destructive to good art is that of forcibly bringing people over to think as he does by a deliberate and conscienceless distortion of life as we see it around us. There was not merely a degree of grotesqueness in the old-fashioned Sunday-school story of the good little boy who had plum pudding and the bad little boy who went fishing and was drowned. There was an immorality about it as well, the immorality that always attaches to a deliberate perversion of our experiences of life. And the same immorality attaches to any novelist who takes upon himself the privilege of the Deity and says "Vengeance is mine," forgetful of the fact that in this world at least rewards and punishments of human acts are meted out quite inexorably in accordance with the laws of nature.

The Novel with a Purpose

Having digressed to this extent upon the special subject of the purpose novel, we must in fairness go a little further in order to make clear a distinction about which a good deal of confusion exists in the minds of many readers and writers. It may be defined as the distinction between the Novel-with-a-Purpose, on the one hand, and the Author-with-a-Purpose, on the other. There is no logical reason why an author should not have the strongest sort of prejudices, convictions, enthusiasms; only, he must not be trying to force them down the reader's throat. He may believe, like Harriet Beecher Stowe, that slavery is a crime; he may agree with Zola that race suicide is a national menace. A sincere belief of that sort is the surest guarantee of powerful workmanship so long as the author records only what he sees, so long as he remembers that life itself is the most potent teacher of its own lessons. But so soon as he becomes mistrustful or impatient of life and tries dishonestly to magnify the facts and distort statistics, then his book becomes a Novel-with-a-Purpose, more potent to antagonise than to convince. A good object lesson on the distinction between the Novel-with-a-Purpose and the Author-with-a-Purpose is afforded by the Russians. Owing to the Russian censorship writers with strong doctrines to preach found themselves driven to the form of fiction as the only vehicle in which the lessons they wished to teach could reach the public. But they were wise enough to recognise that the existing conditions around them, the conditions they were most eager to correct, would speak for themselves without any perversion or interference on their part. As Mr. Howells in *My Literary Passions* forcefully puts it:

When I remembered the deliberate and impatient moralising of Thackeray, the clumsy exegesis of George Eliot, the knowing nods and winks of Charles Reade, the stage-carpeting and limelighting of Dickens, and even the fine and impotent analysis of Hawthorne, it was with a joyful enthusiasm that I realised the great art of Tourguenief . . . here was a master who was apparently not trying to work out a plot, who was not even trying to work out a character, but was standing aside from the whole affair and letting the characters work the plot out.

But whatever a writer's purpose may be, and whatever type of literature he

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has chosen in which to express it, he has got to do something more than idly say to himself one fine day, "I think I will write (let us say) a sonnet about a pearl, or a novel about the beef trust,"—and then on another fine day formulates his first line or his opening sentence without the slightest idea what is coming next or where he eventually proposes to arrive. He must take the time and trouble to sit down and work out in detail just precisely what he is trying to do and what is the best way of doing it. It is not only in the department of the drama that a scenario is indispensable. Every piece of writing that aspires to be anything more than ephemeral is as much in need of a detailed ground plan as a Gothic cathedral or a modern office building. All beginners who cherish the dangerous fallacy that a masterpiece of prose or verse can be flung off in a white heat of inspiration would do well to commit to memory a large part of Poe's essay on *The Philosophy of Composition,* of which the following are perhaps the most weighty and apposite paragraphs:

The Indispensable Scenario

Most writers,—poets in especial,—prefer to have it understood that they compose by a species of fine frenzy—an ecstatic intuition; and would positively shudder at letting the public take a peep behind the scenes at the elaborate and vacillating conditions of thought, at the true purposes seized only at the last moment, at the innumerable glimpses of ideas that arrived not at the maturity of full view, at the fully matured fancies discarded in despair as unmanageable, at the cautious selection and rejection, at the painfull erasures and interpolations—in a word, at the wheels and pinions, the tackle of scene-shifting, the step-ladders and demon-traps, the cock's feathers, the red paint and the black patches, which in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred constitute the properties of the literary *histrio.*

For my own part, I have neither sympathy with the repugnance alluded to, nor at any time the least difficulty in recalling to mind the progressive steps of any of my compositions; and since the interest of an analysis or reconstruction, such as I have considered a *desideratum,* is quite independent of any real or fancied interest in the things analysed, it will not be regarded as a breach of decorum on my part to show the *modus operandi* by which some one of my own works was put together. I select *The Raven* as most generally known. It is my design to render it manifest that no one point in its composition is referable either to accident or intuition; that the work proceeded step by step to its completion with the precision and rigid consequence of a mathematical problem.

Poe, of course, is an extreme case. A poem or a story that develops with the rigid consequence of a mathematical problem is necessarily too artificial to pass as a transcript from life. But a study of Poe's analysis of *The Raven*—quite aside from the question whether he actually wrote the poem, as he says he did, or merely succeeded in making himself think he did so*—compels us to face, for ourselves, in all our own work, the artistic demand for unity of effect, simplicity of means, singleness of purpose. Learn to do as much as possible of the sheer drudgery of composition at the start; every hour spent in careful drafting should save two in the actual writing. An extreme case, which none the less is a case in point, is contained in the following anecdote given by Mr. A. E. Davidson in his *Life of Alexandre Dumas:*

Dumas often declared that, when once he had mapped out in his mind the scheme of a novel or a play, the work was practically accomplished, since the mere writing of it presented no difficulty, and could be performed as fast as the pen could travel. Some one begged leave to dispute this assertion, and the result was a wager. Dumas had at that time in his head the plan of the *Chevalier de Maison Rouge,* of which he had not yet written a word, and he now made a bet of one hundred louis with his sceptical friend that he would write the first volume of the novel in seventy-two hours (including the time for meals and sleep). The volume was to be formed by seventy-five large foolscap pages, each page containing forty-five lines and each line fifty letters. In sixty-six hours Dumas had done

*Poe wrote the *Raven,* later the genesis of this *Raven.* This—the after-stroke—American pleasantry, no doubt, but admired and emulated by our young school. The devil of the thing is to find the raven, the dry sob, the foreboding *nevermore.*—DAUDET, *Notes from Life.*

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the work,—3375 lines—in his fair, flowing hand, disfigured by no erasures,—and the bet was won with six hours to spare.

The Wholesome Discipline of Plot Construction

Dumas, however, was a striking exception in being able to dispense with revision. Alternate elimination and expansion is the method by which great works of literature have usually reached their final form—and it is far easier to expand and cut, expand and cut again, in the mere rough outline than in the fully developed book. Don't shirk your plot construction—and here I am using the phrase in an all-embracing sense—an essay or a sermon deserves careful plotting as much as a novel—plot construction is a wholesome discipline, and while there is not one chance in a hundred that you will overdo it, there is every chance that you will all the time be teaching yourself some new and useful trick, some clever short-cut, some way of knitting your whole structure more firmly together. It would be well if every young writer were to reduce to a ten-word limit his central idea before even starting to plot his story; keep those ten words inscribed upon a cardboard hanging above his desk, and ask himself, with each incident, each character, each shift of scene, "To what degree does this help on my central idea? Is it essential, or only a digression? If not actually related, has it a symbolic significance that justifies it structurally? In any case, is it the best, the very last and best thing I can do?" If not, then cut it out ruthlessly and try again, and yet again, until you are sure that the best of which you are capable is found.

The Right to Break the Rules

Of course, it is quite easy for some one to object that many of the greatest masters of the past have not composed in this manner; that Fielding and Smollett, Dickens and Thackeray were notoriously loose in plot construction, and that Trollope himself acknowledges, "I have never troubled myself about the construction of plots and am not now insisting on thoroughness in a branch of work in which I myself have not been very thorough." And the objector might go a step further and ask: Did Shakespeare, when he was writing *Hamlet,* inscribe above his desk, "To be or not to be, that is the question," as a reminder that his theme was the tragedy of a vacillating nature; or similarly, when he wrote *Othello,* "A man not easily jealous but, when roused, perplexed in the extreme"; or again for *Macbeth,* "Vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself, and falls on the other"? And of course the answer is obvious enough: that the masters of literature are great enough to break the rules; that had Shakespeare constructed as Ibsen did, English literature would have been robbed of some of its noblest lines; and that when we speak of the craftsmanship of writing we are speaking of rules that must be mastered before one has earned the right to break them.

Remember, also, in choosing the authors who are to be your models, to exercise discrimination regarding the particular qualities that you will copy from each of them. Go to Dickens and Thackeray for character drawing, if you choose, but not for plot. And similarly, remember that Trollope was able to say of his characters:

> There is a gallery of them, and of all that gallery I may say that I know the tone of the voice, and the colour of the hair, every flame of the eye, and the very clothes they wear. Of each man I could assert whether he would have said these words or the other words; of every woman, whether she would then have smiled or so have frowned. When I shall feel that this intimacy ceases, then I shall know that the old horse should be turned out to grass.

But if you want a model of careful construction from among the early novelists, you can do no better than turn to Hawthorne. "Hawthorne's method," says Andrew Lang, "is revealed in his published note-books. In them he jotted the germ of an idea, the first notion of a singular, perhaps supernatural situation. Many of these he never used at all; on others he would dream and dream till the persons in the situations became characters and the thing was evolved into a story. Thus he may have invented such a problem as this: 'The effort of a great, sudden sin on a simple and joyous nature,' and thence came all the substance

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of *The Marble Faun.*" As a matter of fact, *The Marble Faun* is a very wonderful example of close construction admirably disguised. It has all the effect of a vast canvas, a prodigality of material in character, and incident, and panoramic scene; but under examination, it reveals little by little the nice balance of all its parts, the rigid economy of its means, the fine art that has subordinated every part to a consistent development of the central idea, a conservation of the unity of purpose.

Second only in importance to having a purpose is the necessity of clothing that purpose in a suitable form. Some themes lend themselves to a variety of different treatments. A great war may give us both an epic and an *opéra-bouffe,* an *Iliad* and *La Belle Helène.* The sin of intemperance finds expression at one time in a *L'Assommoir* and at another in a *Tam O'Shanter.* And in general the rule may be laid down, that the form in which any central idea is to be clothed depends less upon the idea than upon the individual ability of the author. But the practical distinction of this is really not great. You may have conceived some light, frothy little idea, such as would make a graceful triolet; it makes no difference whether a triolet is the biggest thing lurking in that idea, or whether some one else might take it and develop it into something of much greater dignity—in either case it is an error of judgment on your part to give that little idea the misplaced dignity of an elegy or a sonnet. Or perhaps you have hit upon a really big situation deserving of the broad treatment of a Hardy or a Meredith; if you are able to see it in that big, broad way be careful not to squander it on a short story or hammock novel, no matter how many other writers might, with more limited vision, have chosen to do the smaller thing.

The Appropriate Form

Just precisely what literary form is the best possible form in which to clothe a central idea is another of those many things that cannot be taught, because it is so peculiarly personal to each writer. My own conviction is that it is something largely instinctive; that a short-story theme usually presents itself to the mind in the first instance as a short story, a dramatic theme as a drama, and the material for a long novel as a long novel and nothing else. The Anglo-Saxon writer, however, both in England and America, is very largely a writer of one or at most two literary forms. This is in marked contrast to the Continental habit. In France and Italy it is quite in the ordinary course of things for a young writer to begin with a volume of verse,* follow it up with collected essays, usually of literary criticism, then a novel or two, a four-act play—and by that time he has reached a point where he feels at liberty to confine himself to whichever form he finds most congenial. A man with this sort of training may, of course, have wasted himself to some extent in misplaced efforts, in attempting certain things for which he was not temperamentally fitted; but he seldom makes the mistake of trying to fit an idea into the wrong literary framework. It is the other type of craftsman, so common in this country: the man who starts with a fixed idea that he is to be a dramatist and nothing else, or a lyric poet and nothing else, or an essay writer and nothing else—who is all the time trying to force his ideas into a shape for which they were not meant. If, for instance, a man cannot and will not write anything but a sonnet; if he is unable to think in any other terms than those of a sonnet, then whenever an idea comes to him that is not a sonnet idea, he must either reject it altogether or else produce a sonnet that had better not have been written. For these reasons it cannot be too forcibly urged upon young writers to keep their minds open by the practice of several different forms at once. You are sure to be eventually a better dramatist for having had some practice in narrative fiction; and you will

The Importance of Versatility

*Maupassant began by writing verses; that seems to be the rule, the versified form being the inevitable one for the dawn of literature and for the budding writer as well. Nearly all the masters of contemporary prose have begun by writing verse, even M. Alexandre Dumas himself. Later they have proved their critical taste by not repeating the experiment.—René Doumic, Essay on Maupassant.

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probably write a better short story if you have occasionally done a little literary criticism. There is more common sense than appears on the surface in the casual confession by Mr. A. C. Benson in his lightful volume *From a College Window:*

> The two things I have found to be of infinite service to myself in learning to write prose have been keeping a full diary and writing poetry.

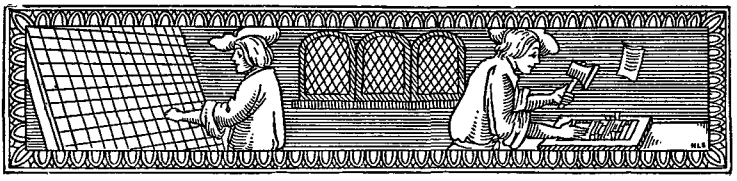
In other words, in literature as well as in life, there are some occasions when the longest way round is the shortest way home, and one of them is the art of acquiring a particular branch of literary form by the practice of forms that are radically different.

The Necessity of Clearness

Lastly, a point that cannot be too strongly insisted on is that of clearness. Remember always that your book is to be judged largely by the underlying purpose, not as you have that purpose formulated in your own mind, but as you have expressed it in your written words. There is no use in having any underlying purpose at all unless you are able to make that purpose clear. Of course, you cannot write clearly unless you have learned to think well; and one-half your battle is won in advance if you practise that careful preliminary structure building so strongly urged in a preceding paragraph. But this whole question of clearness has been so admirably expounded by Anthony Trollope in his autobiography that I cannot do a greater service to young writers than by quoting it in its entirety:

> Any writer who has read even a little will know what is meant by the word intelligible. It is not sufficient that there be a meaning that may be hammered out of the sentence, but that the language should be so pellucive that the meaning should be rendered without an effort of the reader;—and not only some proposition of meaning, but the very sense, no more and no less, which the writer has intended to put into his words. What Macaulay says should be remembered by all writers: "How little the all-important art of making meaning pellucid is studied now! Hardly any popular author except myself thinks of it." The language used should be as ready and as efficient a conductor of the mind of the writer to the mind of the reader as is the electric spark which passes from one battery to another battery. In all written matter the spark should carry everything; but in matters recondite the recipient will search to see that he misses nothing, and that he takes nothing away too much. The novelist cannot expect that any such search will be made. A young writer, who will acknowledge the truth of what I am saying, will often feel himself tempted by the difficulties of language to tell himself that some one little doubtful passage, some single collocation of words, which is not quite what it ought to be, will not matter. I know well what a stumbling-block such a passage may be. But he should leave none such behind him as he goes on. The habit of writing clearly soon comes to the writer who is a severe critic to himself.

Clearness is so inseparable a quality of all good writing that many a critic has held it as a term equivalent to style. Be that as it may, there can be no question that between the two evils it is much better to have clearness without style than style at the cost of clearness.



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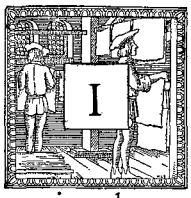
THE CASUAL READER

BY F. M. COLBY



I SUPPOSE I should sadly miss New York's best Society if it ever vanished from our books. It is only in American satire and fiction that I shall ever visit those expensive places, where, as a distinguished novelist has recently said, "proud beauty hides its eyes on the shoulder of haughty commercial or financial youth while golden age dips its nose in whatever symbolises the Gascon wine in the paternal library." In Cornville, Massachusetts, where I live, the people do not do such things. And I like to think as I shake the furnace down of nights how different those upper people are, and how remote from life's realities and coal-bins, and especially how shallow, up there on the silly surface of the earth, compared to a deep person like myself, good old truepenny, down at the bottom of things, *tenax propositi* beneath the cellar stairs. Probably there are not two fine minds in that entire class, said the distinguished novelist. I like to doubt if there is even one good soul. Noodles and Jezebels, say I, the whole pack of them; and I like to think that the Cornville circle in which I move is full of plain people but profound, hearts of oak with no nonsense about them, or people of "Culture"—the real thing, not from Chautauqua but from Cambridge—or people at once instructive and blithe, giant minds at play, gay astronomers, bubbling palæontologists. And I like to look down from these people of my fancy on that other kind of people whom I do not know, and to hate the Persic apparatus and that symbolic Gascon wine, and to feel that I am intellectual and *integer vitæ* and other things that money cannot buy.

The Usual Writer

So I try and cherish the simple faith, built on the writings of some sixty years, from George William Curtis downwards, that New York Society is made up, not of people, but of types, each with a moral meaning no less plain than the personages in *Pilgrim's Progress*. But it is not easy to believe in types as compounded by the usual writer—phrase-haunted, fiction-rooted creature that he is, athirst for moral contrasts—and it so happens that no unusual writer has ever written of our best Society. Your true novelist does not stop with type; he completes an individual, having some momentum of his own, doing or saying the unexpected thing, often irrelevant; and I suppose if New York had had a Thackeray or Meredith her fashionable folk might have seemed more probable. As it is we have only Mrs. Potiphar, the Reverend Cream Cheese, the Settum Downes, Minerva Tattle, Timon Crœsus, and later their derivatives with hyphenated names, abstractions whose daughters marry English lords, metaphors who run away with one another's wives, Van This, a virtue, and Van That, a vice, and the sad tale of some figure of speech who lost all his money and then shot himself. In books the authentic Vanity Fairs all seem to come from foreign parts.

Exposed as I am to only potato patch temptations I should like to realise these moral perils of our gilded halls, but in our native writings this is difficult. No story of damnation is complete without a man, and no writer on our best Society has created one. For the usual literary mind is, as is well known, lined with a kind of wall-paper running a pattern not its own. Novelists do not invent or observe; they rearrange their literary memories. Satirists borrow not only their scorn but even the objects of it. And surely no fashionable group is more subdued to precedent. They have their pen-fashions and their etiquette with goodness knows what literary gentilities, pass-words, *cachets*, literary class distinctions, horrors of the unaccustomed, rules of who's who and what's what and the proper thing in heroes and the proper thing in thoughts.

A hundred years of precedent will rule the action of a woman's face, especially the heroine's. It must be a face in which

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the colour comes and goes—run by the literary signal service. Shadows must flit across it, smiles light it, horror freeze it, blushes warm it, moral indignation turn it purely cold. And not once will that ever busy face swerve from its precedents. The novelist will not employ the comparatively uneventful human face; still less will he devise a face and run it arbitrarily to suit himself. I recall, to be sure, one character in fiction whose "whole face upheaved"—plainly an innovation—but she belonged to the self-willed Henry James, an anarch among novelists.

And considering how writers set about their tasks it may be unreasonable to expect any sort of lifelike consequence. A novel is not a product of imagination. It is the eclectic effort of a literary memory schooled by a social demand. Probably it is no more reasonable to look for human nature in a novel than to look for Nature in a woman's hat. Not, of course, to compare a great novel with any hat however admirable. That would be equally disparaging to both; one does not care to think of a work of genius as disappearing like a hat or of a hat as surviving like a work of genius; the thought of an eternal hat is even hateful. But between the hats of the highest rank and the novels of the second there seems to be a sound analogy.

For each being a work of customary or crowd-derived inspiration, their value in depicting life is much the same. One matches human nature as already published; the other matches Nature as already worn on hats. So with a host of virilities and vitalities, love-storms, moral whirlwinds, Ruritanias, calls of the wild —you never meet the novelist who first employed them. You see the thousand hats that followed the example but never the great, brave, strong, protagonistic and outrageous hat that set it.

The call of the wild as seen on women's hats some seasons past proved no wild fancies in the heads beneath them. It was a call to precedent. When you found on a hat some singular bit from wildlife, say a weasel sleeping on its native beads or biting its light blue omelette, it was not a sign of any personal wildness. It had occurred on many hats before. And so with the novels then in season. The call of the wild in novels at that time was not a call to any special wildness; it was the peaceful call of one Jack London to another. The law of each craft is redistribution of the parts, and the law of each part is that it shall have appeared successfully in public not very long before.

And since obedience to these laws is usually unconscious, I have heard it said that the joy of the work is often not to be told apart from the joy of first creation. Here indeed the hat has somewhat the advantage, for women do sometimes more utterly let themselves go, feel more of that first, fine careless rapture in a hat than the novelist does in his novel. And as to the rule that, The style is the man, though I am not versed in the equations of self-expression, I believe it could be easily proved that the hat is more exactly the woman. A novel always seems a form of self-concealment. Yet a woman otherwise quite subdued may suddenly appear in a hat that is all ablaze with feeling—no doubt imprisoned passion's single mad escape—and you sometimes meet a hot, infuriate hat, hardly venturing to look at the rabid face beneath, yet find there a countenance of great serenity. The riot of emotion had passed off in the hat, leaving the soul at peace. This is not true of novelists, who, on the contrary, seen in the flesh, show personal diversities in hue, texture, patterns, general design, degree of animation, not to be guessed from any of their books.

And obvious as this analogy appears it escapes our critics every day. Literary criticism mainly consists in judging each ordinary man by the rules of a different game from the one he is playing. Hence the servilities and hauteurs of those strange propounders of unnatural certitude, the literary periodicals, their hot and cold fits, false starts and stampedes; praise for the plodding author as if he were an artist, curses for him merely because he is not. A critic is commonly a person who reads with an unusual show of feeling some very usual book, then tries to turn the writer's head completely or else to take it off.

I read last week in the London *Bom-*

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bardinian that Robinson and Aristophanes are very near of kin. To-day I learn from the *Weekly Ichabod* that Robinson in contrast to past glories is the vanishing-point of the human mind. Yet Robinson could not have caused these persons this excitement. For Robinson is compounded of the very tissues of routine, and of like substance with many Browns and Joneses, and the mind that could not survey Robinson with composure would be shattered in a single day's experience. It arose, of course, from false analogies. One dragged in masterpieces merely to light up Robinson; the other to cast him in the shade. On reading Robinson they allowed themselves to think of literature, so horrid comparisons shot into their heads; whereas had they been thinking of more usual things, of hats, cigars, newspapers or their daily meals, they might have shown him in his true relations.

And since with a few exceptions here and there (the siftings of some centuries) writers do not report credibly of one another, or of any man, or of what they see or what they feel, but are men of a borrowed gesture, custom-pushed, too close to the world to give an account of it, it is rash to judge any city or group or class or hang any dog on their evidence. That second simplicity which our best society has not attained is certainly not to be found in the books about it. And in this good-natured land of easy prizes and quick forgetfulness, with so much room for mediocrity at the top, climbing the social ladder does not constrain to any more uneasiness of pose than climbing the literary one. They are not a carefree people, our "cultured few." Little of devil-may-care aristocracy about them; on the contrary, rather a painful consciousness of status, it would seem, with need of very frequent explanations, mention of acquaintances among the proper set of books, proofs of *au-fait*-ness, proofs of *comme-il-faut*-ness, rebukes for the vulgar, snubs for the illiterate, drawings of "the line," in short, all the fidgets of the higher plane. The most respectably furnished intellects of our time often seem no more at home than Mr. Potiphar with his ormolu and black walnut. Nor was Mrs. Potiphar's grave concern over London liveries and footmen's calves more typical of fashionable Society in that day than of the prolonged colonialism of American letters both in that day and in this, and including the *Potiphar Papers*. Our books, like the lives of our millionaires, show minds prostrated by their acquisitions.

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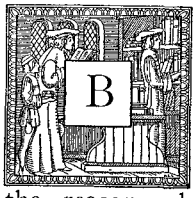
HENRY CUYLER BUNNER*

BY LAURENCE HUTTON



UNNER and I would have nothing to do with each other for years. It was a case of reciprocal Dr. Fell. We did not like each other, and we neither of us could tell the reason why. We met constantly at the theatres—we were both enthusiastic "First-nighters"—but we never looked at each other if we could help it, and, of course, we never spoke. We had many friends and acquaintances in common, and very often we escaped an introduction by the merest chance or by the most elaborate mutual avoidance. He always thought of me, when he permitted himself to think of me, as "Playbill Hutton," because of my interest in and my collection of theatre programmes; and I never allowed myself to think of him at all. The reason why I cannot imagine now. At last, one night we were thrown violently at each other. It was in 1878, at a large reception. I knew almost nobody. Bunner knew everybody. He saw my situation, which was trying

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—an outsider among a large party of intimates—and too loyal to his hosts, and instinctively too much of a gentleman to see a man neglected in that house, or a stranger in any house wandering about forlorn and alone, he came up and asked me if I would smoke a cigarette and take a glass of sherry in the dining-room. And from that moment we were friends. We never passed each other by again.

When my mother died and I lived alone for some years I never dined alone at home. James O'Brien, at one time steward of the Arcadian Club, had taken a lease of the restaurant in the Westmoreland Hotel, on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Seventeenth Street, and there, when I had no other engagement, I took my evening meal. Bunner began to drop in now and then, and later more regularly. Finally our nightly meeting became an established custom; a large round table in the bay window was reserved for us—always—and one or both of us was very sure to be found at it. When this fact became generally known, many of the bright young journalists of his acquaintance made it their trysting-place after dinner, if not at dinner; and good was the talk that round table heard. Mr. Matthews, who lived in Eighteenth Street, not far away, would look in after his (then little) daughter had gone to bed; and among the men we saw and heard there were Mr. Clarence C. Buel, Mr. John Moran, Mr. James L. Ford, Mr. Edgar Fawcett, Mr. Henry Gallup Paine, Mr. Francis Saltus, Mr. Munkitrick, Mr. George Edgar Montgomery, Mr. William J. Henderson, Mr. Ripley Hitchcock, Mr. Julian Magnus, Mr. E. A. Watrous, and many others who have made their names or who have dropped out of our ken.

All this had an end for me when I married in 1885 and for Bunner when he married shortly after.

Bunner and I went often together to the theatres during this period; we were members together of the Authors Club, of the International Copyright League, of The Kinsmen; and in common we had many tastes and interests. He read me in advance all the poems, afterward collected together as the *Airs from Arcady*. We talked for hours over "Love in Old Clothes," the best, perhaps, of his tales, and a little bit of work which cost him infinite care, and thought, and labour. He was then helping to establish the edition of *Puck* in English—now a power in the land—and working hard at it. He was very quick of insight and remarkably ready of utterance and expression, even in verse. I remember stopping one day into the *Puck* office, then in a cross street off lower Broadway, to lunch with him by appointment. As we were going out of the editorial rooms the printer's devil entered with a process-picture of a commonplace young woman, to illustrate which Bunner was asked to contribute a "stickful" of text—and at once. He lighted a fresh cigarette, stepped up to somebody else's desk, and, more rapidly than I could have copied them out, set down sixteen or twenty rhythmical lines which would scan and would parse and were very fair "poetry" —as such things go. He did not sign them; and he said lightly that that was an every-day occurrence and of no moment.

Bunner was equally ready with his occasional poems of dedication, inscription, or the like. In one of his own books he wrote, under date January 25, 1885, and a month or two before my marriage:

The New Year's not too old, my friend,
To wish a wish for you,
That the fire may ne'er grow cold, my friend,
That now shall shine for two.

The flame for kindly friendship set
Shall blaze for Love the higher yet,
Or be the heavens wintry wet,
Or Summer blue."

And in our Guest-Book he transcribed the following impromptu lines some ten years later:

TO LARRY HUTTON.

You may write it LAURENCE, all you please,
Your name to Fame to marry;
But you're only whistling down the breeze,
For folks will call you LARRY.
And if the reason you inquire,
I'll tell you all I know;
Why is Joseph Jefferson, Esquire,
Called Jo?

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You may spell your LAURENCE with a U,
  Till it's Scotch as a green glengarry,
But other folks are naming too;
  And your name they say is LARRY.
And if you're curious in the least
  To know what that comes from;
Why was T. Bowling, late deceased,
  Called TOM?

H. C. BUNNER.

October 19, 1893.

He and Mr. Telford and I spent together, at the Westmoreland and in Bunner's rooms, the last evening of my single life. He had heard that luck would be insured if the groom on the occasion of his marriage would wear "something old, something new, something borrowed, and something blue." He urged, therefore, my appearance next day in a pair of socks, procured especially by him for me. One was absolutely unworn, the other had seen service and was darned. But they were both *blue*. And I *must borrow* them. Mr. Telford, I remember, loaned me a necktie for the same purpose; and both of those dear boys were married, when their time came, in something blue that was borrowed from me.

Mrs. Bunner I knew as Miss Alice Learned long before she was his wife. Happy was the day for him, and happy for her, when she became Mrs. Henry Bunner. We sent to her at New London a travelling-clock as a wedding gift, to which I attached a card bearing these lines:

For Old Times' sake
  Will you and H. C. B.
At this time take
  The Time from mine and me?

Time is, Time was,
  Let Time be old or new,
The Times for us
  Are High Old Times with you.

To this, in equally powerful verse, Miss Learned replied:

I lack the time, in spite of time from you,
To write the heartfelt thanks I feel are due.
But every passing hour, while time endures,
Shall speak to me and mine, of you and yours.

And he and his and I and mine had many happy times together for many years. There never was a break or the shadow of a break in our friendship. He was very strong in his likes and in his dislikes—often without good reason. And I like to think now that, when we came to know each other, he always liked me, whatever his reason may have been. A more disinterestedly loyal man to his friends I never met, nor a man more devotedly attached to his own family. He was always sympathetic, always ready to help, always full of encouragement, never sparing of his words of praise for the work of others. His laugh was hearty and contagious, and how quick was his appreciation of everything that was good all the world who reads can tell. He was an excellent listener and he was an admirable talker upon all sorts of subjects, grave and gay. He had an unusual knowledge of books and of their contents, particularly of the works of the poets, ancient and modern. He quoted readily, correctly, appropriately, and at length; and if one wanted to remember a line or a sonnet of any of the half-forgotten men of the period of the very beginning of English verse, Bunner could always say where it was, whose it was, and exactly what it was, and why.

As in the case of many of the brilliant men with whom I have been lucky enough to have come into intimate contact, I have, unfortunately, let most of Bunner's best talk fly up the chimney. I dreaded to appear as a chief among them taking notes, and the happy thoughts, the flashes of wit, the bright turns of expression, the bits of epigram and of wisdom I would now give much to have preserved went out into the thin air long ago and melted away.

Only a few of Bunner's best words can I recall now. He used to say that he read the *Sun* because he wanted the news. He did not want to know what the *Tribune* wanted him to know; he did not want to know what the *Times* did not know and had not found out. He wanted the news!

And one of the most touching and pathetic incidents in his career is the story of his Lost Joke. It was in the old days of our Westmoreland café life, when, in my absence, Bunner found but

(*Continued in Advertising Section*)

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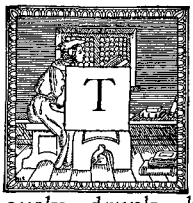
KIPLING'S MEN*

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE



HE composite Kipling hero, if he could be placed before us, would astound us by his frank humanity. He would drink—sometimes to the point of getting gloriously drunk—he would smoke incessantly; he would make outrageous love to his neighbour's wife; he would have his moments of depression and elation; he would possess brains, energy and stupendous cheek. His nationality would, of course, be American. At about the age of thirty-two he would marry himself for love with the composite Kipling heroine, the description of whom would be out of place here. But what we would remember of him most vividly would be his cheek and his Americanism. In Kipling's more recent prose work the occasional ring of insincerity that sounded through much of his early writing has happily been absent. There are those who find it hard to reconcile the reverence of the "Recessional" with the popular and probably just estimate of his cynical genius, but that is a mere detail, and nowhere has he bewrayed the wholesale and unscrupulous sacrifice of fact to effect that was the very substance of *American Notes*. The "Notes" have been pretty well forgiven and forgotten. Americans don't lose temper over *Martin Chuzzlewit* any more. We have become accustomed to that sort of thing; we are doing quite well, thank you! and after a moment's irritation are inclined to think of our critics with kindly, pitying curiosity. Easterners, on the whole, rather enjoyed the malicious exaggeration of Kipling's notes. Those absurd Chicagoans, who had grown so aggressive with their big buildings, their stock yards, and their Fair, richly deserved the trouncing, and as he wisely refrained from trying to be funny at the expense of New York or Boston or Philadelphia or Washington, we accepted with really civilised fortitude his abuse of our neighbours and frankly gave him the honour due the creator of Mulvaney and Dravot. He was a very young and very clever man with a reputation for impudence to sustain, and there is probably no better refutation of his *American Notes* than the portrait of the American Tarvin in *The Naulahka*. Standing by himself Nicholas Tarvin claims hardly more than passing attention. He is interesting in that he combines all those qualities of heart and head which go to make the complete Kipling hero (which means that he is a worker, that he has brains, courage, and, above all, cheek, that he rides bucking horses and dents flying coins) and that he is evidently meant by his creator as a representative American. Among Kipling's men he is not easily to be classified. He and two or three others occupy niches apart.

Despite all that has been written of the absolute originality of Kipling's tales and characters, there was much in his early work, the work done during his connection with E. K. Robinson on the *Civil and Military Gazette* at Lahore, that was strongly suggestive of Thackeray's influence. To mediocrity the influence of the author of the *Book of Snobs* is often blighting: to Kipling it was a spur and inspiration. The writer without real strength is too ready to accept Thackeray's view of life as complete for all times and environments and to drift into mere imitation. Kipling confined himself to accepting Thackeray's understanding of that part of the world and the human heart of which he himself had no knowledge, and with each day the debt grew less. Compare, for instance, the club-room scene in "The Story of the Gadsbys" with a similar scene in the forty-seventh chapter of *The Newcomes*. There could be no suspicion of imitation, but the suggestion is apparent. In both the story is carried on by the same device, almost by the same men. In both the dialogue is too witty. We are prone to ridicule as unnatural and absurd the stately, pompous Alexandrines of the old tragedy. They violated reality, certainly, but for a purpose, and a future age may as

* From THE BOOKMAN for December, 1898.

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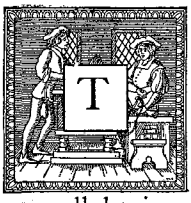
justly find fault with the present-day novelists who make their club men talk in epigram.

Despite the clearness with which most of Kipling's men stand out from the background of his stories, there are few authors whose characters are so difficult to analyse as individual types. None knows better than he that the age of heavy-weight novelists is past. Our literary bruisers to-day are mostly bantams and feathers; here and there a sprinkling of light and middle weights, whose mission is to entertain us with limited bouts spaced off into rounds of twenty-four hundred words or so each, and, to carry the fistic figure further, to be followed by long periods of lazy money-winning on the stage and lecture platform. The thunderous, boring methods of the days of Belcher, Cribb, and "Gentleman" Jackson are no more obsolete than the three-volume novel. Long introductory dissertations are but a degree more modern than "Poems by a Person of Quality;" and

(*Continued in Advertising Section*)

AMONG THE FEBRUARY MAGAZINES*

BY ANNIE NATHAN MEYER



THERE is such a wealth of interesting material in the magazines that it is impossible to do justice even to the most essential features in a mere bird's-eye view. We may as well begin with our old friend *Harper's Monthly,* in which we can especially commend an article on Pearline, which is one of the best that has appeared on that popular subject, an illustrated tale of travel by the Totem Pole Route, showing it to be the last place to send a nervous person or one suffering from D. T., and an account of the Oneida Community, revealing quite another phase from that which appears in *Scribner's.* Besides, there is a fantastic romance of a reduced gas bill, showing imagination of a high order, and some delightful examples of the eternal juvenile, of which it is difficult to decide which is the most winning, the brother and sister who await their Malta Vita, the roguish youngster holding up the dollar watch, the dear little tot who sits up in bed to take her Shredded Wheat Biscuit, or the little girl who is cured while she sleeps.

Everybody's has an appreciative article on Van Camp's Pork and Beans, handled in quite a new manner, illustrated by a picturesque landscape of the Dutch school and a peculiarly ingenious offer of what appears on first sight to be a Free Watch, but which on consideration proves to be a Free Catalogue of Watches, which you will admit is not quite the same thing. There is also a paper in which the reader is admonished, "Be Beautiful!" by one lady who sells a hair destroyer, and by another who recommends a hair restorer, and a lady-or-the-tiger-ish story ending, "If you are not cured, let the druggist send the bill to me," in which as to the final outcome both the reader and the druggist are left somewhat in the dark. Then we have the inimitable "His Master's Voice," which I hope the Talking Machine Company will never be tempted to change, and an offer of a piano with a Whole Year's Free Trial, which must make the exploiters of a certain mattress fairly green with envy.

A new appeal for Swift's Hams adorns the cover of *Scribner's,* together with a man in great agony of mind suspended from a huge coffee cup—the initiated have already spelled Postum! On other pages a lady in ball dress struggles with a giant lobster, who tries to

(*Continued in Advertising Section*)

*From THE BOOKMAN for March, 1903.

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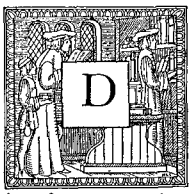
A SUPPRESSED NOVEL OF MR. HOWELLS

BY "RICUS"



URING the course of his summer rambles the present writer chanced on one of the dozen villages that encircle a Lone Mountain, not a hundred miles from Boston. Here he found a literary tradition, now quite thirty years old, which explained why the most romantic of Mr. Howells's novels, or to be more exact, one of the few romantic among his novels, has not had an independent existence outside of the covers of a magazine. In 1876 the present writer, then a lad just entering college, was fascinated by a serial by Mr. Howells called *Private Theatricals,* running in the *Atlantic Monthly.* In later years he looked in vain for this title in the lists of his collected works; nor has he happened to have heard the book quoted in any article about the author. A couple of years ago he turned over the pages of the story again in an old bound volume of the *Atlantic,* and was delighted to find that his youthful taste was justified. Here was a tale told with a freshness of style, not characteristic of Howells's later manner, interesting and distinguished though that may be. Not yet had he begun to stand off at a distance and regard his people with cold criticism. He really showed for them a bit of that *liking* which he has since deplored in Dickens and Thackeray.

The aim, however, of this article is not criticism of the great American writer, but to give the explanation, offered in the village of the Lone Mountain, why *Private Theatricals* came to be suppressed as a book. Still, to give ground for the explanation, it will be well first to outline this little-known novel. It centres in a summer boarding-house, near the Mountain, kept by Mrs. Woodward, whose husband, if we remember right, is a broken-down minister, giving futile help in managing the farm. There is a daughter Rachel, who teaches in the little red school-house, and has a taste for painting, as yet undeveloped. During the week the boarders are chiefly women and children, joined for the Sunday, however, by their respective husbands and fathers, chiefly from Boston. In this somewhat commonplace group Mrs. Farrell, a young widow, is the one striking figure. A flirt by instinct and cultivation, she manages, by her arts, both subtle and crude, to attract a couple of young men staying at the Village Hotel—a sort of Damon and Pythias in their friendship. When alone with the one, she extracts from him, unwilling the while, the one little rift in their affection, namely, a matter of unequal promotion in the Civil War. Buried, almost forgotten, it is still smouldering, though each is all but unconscious of it. These ashes she fans into flames by hinting to the other that his friend has betrayed the secret cause of discord. An overt quarrel occurs, they almost come to blows; at any rate, overcome by his passion and by the heat, one of them falls and cuts his head severely. Struck by remorse his friend revives him, and a reconciliation appears to take place. The accident becoming known, Mrs. Farrell dramatically claims the sick man as her own property, and, demurely clad in black with a white kerchief, I believe, assumes her becoming rôle of nurse to her acknowledged lover. While he sleeps, which happens often, she sits on the piazza with the friend, and so skilfully guides the situation that it terminates in his throwing loyalty to the winds and showing, if not declaring, his own love. But one lover in the sick-room and one lover on the piazza do not give enough field for Mrs. Farrell's desire for emotions; she must cast her spells over poor Ben Woodward, the bucolic son of the house. "Ben," she says—I quote from memory—"I wish I were a young girl in love with you; and you were taking me to the West as your wife." When no men are at hand, she must take to flattering Rachel, exploiting her little pic-

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tures to the boarding-house ladies, and probing her hidden interest in one of her young men. The story terminates somewhat uncertainly; she has married neither lover. As the last chapter closes, she is making a not very successful *début* as Juliet at a Boston theatre. She puzzles one of the audience, a lady who at the Mountain Farm had never doubted Mrs. Farrell's dramatic quality. Then in a flash of inspired memory, between the acts, she declares to her husband that Mrs. Farrell was made, not for the theatre, but for Private Theatricals.

The village of the Lone Mountain has satisfied itself that the prototype of Mrs. Farrell was the beautiful wife of a Unitarian minister, now some years dead, but, at the general period when the story was written, a guest with his wife at the Village Hotel. The description of the charmer was given me by the former Landlady, as she rocked to and fro on the piazza of a cottage, built opposite to the gaunt ruins of the Hotel, burned some years ago. Of her beauty and charm, of her enthrallment of a dozen young students, of the benevolent devotion of her husband—the Landlady sang in a manner testifying that she also had come under her spell. Mr. Howells had been her guest, too, in the sense that he often sat on the Hotel piazza (he was stopping definitely at the Mountain Farm) and, with note-book in evidence, watched the passengers arriving and departing by the daily stage. But he was not in the village at the same time with the minister and wife, nor had my Landlady any real proof that they ever had met. Of the identification in question, however, she felt no doubt; declaring that her opinion was confirmed by outsiders from the great world.

While some reasonable doubt may exist as to the model from which the protagonist was drawn, there can be no doubt that the minor characters, the dwellers in the Mountain Farm, the original "Woodwards," recognised themselves in print with horror and indignation against their former boarder. With the spirit of the provincial village, where everything about everybody is known, they felt that they were now bared to the whole world. Not so the more cosmopolitan-hearted Landlady, though she was born in the old Hotel and had always lived in the village.

"Mrs. ——— come to the Hotel from the Farm," said the Landlady to me, "now 'most thirty years ago, as mad as could be. 'To think he's gone and put us all in a book!' she says. 'Why, he's put your Hotel in too. How do you like his tellin' about the men sittin' by your office fire, and spittin' around in circles?' she says. 'How do I like it?' says I, 'why, I don't care a mite what he says. He can put in just what he's a mind to, for all me.' Says I, 'Why should I care?' She added, "He told about my suppers too, but he wa'nt quite right there, though he did describe what went on in the village, so's many folks recognised it. Mrs. Farrell asks the young men what they had for supper at the Hotel. 'Cream o' tartar biscuit; long, thin slices of corn-beef, and green tea,' they said. Now, I never give any one green tea. But then what's the odds?

"The daughter, she was maddest of all, because Mr. Howells spoke of Mrs. Woodward's (that's her mother, you know) lean, lank, bony hand—was it lank in the book? I declare, sometimes I get them three words right and sometimes I forget 'em; it was lean and bony anyway. Well, that made the daughter mad. But I guess she was maddest where he said that Rachel (that was her) used to put flowers in her hair to attract the boarders when she waited on table! And then there was something about the father's being so slow hoeing the beans that they almost caught up with him. Anyway they was all so mad that they kind o' forced Mr. Howells not to publish the story in book-form. I guess they threatened him with the law. Some copies were published in Edinburgh, but even that edition was suppressed after a few books was sold. Mr. Howells, he's never been to the village again; the old folks at the Farm are dead; the daughter, she's married and gone away; and the son keeps boarders at the old place, like his mother did when she took in Mr. Howells; I guess it was a kind o' double takin'-in, as you may say."

Thus the sad-eyed Landlady as she rocked on her piazza, while the light

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faded from above the Lone Mountain. As for the writer, while he strolled toward his lodging, he thought of those few copies said to have been issued in Edinburgh before the edition was suppressed (was it David Douglas'?), and wondered what each copy would be worth to a bibliophile some fifty years hence.

SAMUEL BUTLER

BY CLEVELAND PALMER

VEN for the average well-informed reader, the name of Samuel Butler inevitably suggests but one writer: the seventeenth century poet who wrote *Hudibras,* and who has been styled the "Hogarth of English poetry." There is, however, another Samuel Butler—of our own times, this one—who was known to a limited range of readers during his life and whose works, some eight years after his death, are now being reissued in a new and uniform edition. The most familiar of these is *Erewhon,* a satirical and imaginative work which has caused the author to be compared to Swift. The title of the book is an anagram of "nowhere," and thus immediately suggests that of Morris's Utopian phantasy. The manuscript was one of those which George Meredith read in his capacity as publisher's adviser, and was rejected by him. Butler had a curiously varied career and possessed an extraordinary personality. Robust, assertive, frank, even brutal in his directness, with a practical common sense and a notable lack of that spirituality which is commonly called idealism, he has been characterised as a typical middle-class Englishman. This he may have been in personal traits and minor mental habits, yet his intellectual fearlessness and his freedom from cant made him an exotic figure, in many ways more French than English. Loved by his friends, he was regarded by the public at large as an eccentric, and by a section of it as an impious atheist. As a matter of fact, he always remained a member of the Broad Church Movement. After graduating from Cambridge he originally meant to enter the ministry; but, coming to entertain some doubts as to the efficacy of infant baptism, he did not take Orders. Instead, he went to New Zealand, where he ran a sheep ranch for five years, wrote for the colonial papers and began *Erewhon,* which reflects his experiences as a herder. When he returned to England he took up painting as a serious occupation and exhibited frequently at the Royal Academy and elsewhere. He continued to write, however, and published a number of articles on religious matters and several biological works, to the theories contained in which he thought Darwin never did justice. When he was nearly fifty he took up music and composed gavottes, minuets, fugues, and even a cantata, all in the manner of Händel, for whom he had an admiration that amounted to a passion. He was also a traveller, and published a book called *Alps and Sanctuaries,* descriptive of his haunts in Piedmont and the Ticino. He made trips to Sicily, Greece and the Troad to identify the localities mentioned in the Homeric poems, which he translated and concerning the authorship of which he formulated original theories, as may be discerned from the suggestive title of one of his books, *The Authoress of the Odyssey.* Strange to say, although he took up the puzzle of Shakespeare's sonnets and of "Mr. W. H.," he did not become a Baconian.

What particularly affronted the serious English public in Butler was his irony—a quality that Mr. Gosse has declared to be fatal in a writer of his nation. He took a delight in pricking popular superstitions and prejudices, and was not greatly concerned to spare the feelings

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of his readers. Recently an English publication, *The New Quarterly*, has been printing copious extracts from his notebooks. These are full of the daring sallies and paradoxical affirmations that, "decanted" into his books, startled and shocked the conventionally respectable. Thus he says of our ideas: "They are for the most part like bad sixpences, and we spend our lives in trying to pass them on one another"; of vice and virtue: "Virtue is something which it would be impossible to overrate if it had not been overrated. The world can ill spare any vice which has obtained long and largely among civilised people. Such a vice must have some good along with its deformities. . . . As a matter of private policy I doubt whether the moderately vicious are more unhappy than the moderately virtuous. 'Very vicious' is certainly less happy than 'tolerably virtuous,' but this is about all. What pass muster as the extremes of virtue probably make people quite as unhappy as extremes of vice do." Again, he says: "The true laws of God are the laws of our own well-being." The foundations of morality he declares to be like all other foundations; "if you dig too much about them the superstructure will come tumbling down." And morality itself he defines as "the custom of one's country and the current feeling of one's peers. Cannibalism is moral in a cannibal country." So, also: "If a man can get no other food it is more natural for him to kill another man and eat him than to starve. Our horror is rather at the circumstances that make it natural for the man to do this than at the man himself." One wonders how the popular perverters of proverbs happened to overlook the following: "An honest god's the noblest work of man."

Entries like these are interspersed with reflections on all the arts, biological notes, original poems—including "The Psalm of Montreal," so widely reprinted of late—and, best of all, with anecdotes that show a keen sense and a subtle appreciation of the ludicrous. For example: "A little boy and a little girl were looking at a picture of Adam and Eve. 'Which is Adam, and which Eve?' said one. 'I do not know,' said the other, 'but I could tell if they had their clothes on.'" Here is another: "Frank Darwin told me his father was once standing near the hippopotamus cage (in the Zoological Gardens) when a little boy and a little girl, aged four and five, came up. The hippopotamus shut his eyes for a minute. 'That bird's dead,' said the little girl, 'come along.'" A model named Manzoni had been promised sittings at the Royal Academy, but was rejected on the ground that his legs were too hairy. He complained: "Why," said he, "I sat at the Slade School for the figure only last week, and there were five ladies, but not one of them told me my legs were too hairy." Occasionally Butler jots down some happy retort of his own. He seems to have had the brusque manners so commonly ascribed to the travelling Englishman, but he at least managed to give his insults a witty and sardonic turn that saves them from sheer insolence. Once he was staying at an hotel where there was a man with an ugly and disagreeable wife. Making up to Butler in the smoking-room, the man tried to enter into conversation with him. "'This divorce case,' said he, referring to one that was being reported in the papers, 'doesn't seem to move very fast.' I put on my sweetest smile and said, 'I have not observed it. I am not married myself, and naturally take less interest in divorce.' He dropped me." Mr. G. B. Shaw has said a good word for Butler and cordially recognised him as a forerunner. Perhaps these few quotations will serve to shed some light upon the affinity which should be a good posthumous business asset for Butler now that he is being "revived."

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BOOKS RECEIVED TO DATE

VERSE

The Baker and Taylor Company:

To the Unborn Peoples and Other Poems. By Ellen M. H. Gates.

Broadway Publishing Company:

Poems of Truth, Love and Power. By William Lee Popham.

An Epic of Heaven and Other Poems. By Edward S. Creamer.

Cochrane Publishing Company:

Eva's Choice and Other Poems. By Leda Gano Browne.

Rhymes of Home. By Burgess Johnson.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Poetic New World. Compiled by L. H. Humphrey.

The Honeyjar Publishing Company:

The Joy of Things and Other Poems. By Osman Castle Hooper.

The John Lane Company:

Sable and Purple and Other Poems, By William Watson.

New Poems. By Richard Le Gallienne.

Little, Brown and Company:

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The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of August and the 1st of September

NEW YORK

Fiction

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Motor Maid. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. The Old Wives' Tale. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.50.
5. Happy Island. Lee. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Silent Call. Royle. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Power and the Glory. Cooke. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. The Motor Maid. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
5. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Chantecler. Rostand. (Duffield.) $1.25.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. Mark Twain's Speeches. Clemens. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. Promenades of an Impressionist. Huneker. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Emerald City of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Putnam Hall Encampment. Winfield. (Grossett & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. Betty Wales Series. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Fiction

1. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Silent Call. Royle. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

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Juveniles

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BOSTON, MASS.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. A Village of Vagabonds. Smith. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. The Motor Maid. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Old Wives' Tale. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

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3. Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Chantecler. Rostand. (Duffield.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. The Head Coach. Paine. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Philippa at Halcyon. Brown. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Making Good. Bigelow. (Harper.) 60c.

BOSTON, MASS.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
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3. Once Upon a Time. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Lead of Honour. Richardson. (Page.) $1.50.
5. The Right Stuff. Hay. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
6. The Depot Master. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Chantecler. Rostand. (Duffield.) $1.25.
2. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.
3. The Beast. Lindsay. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. Highways of Progress. Hill. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

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CINCINNATI, OHIO

Fiction

1. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $.150.
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3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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5. The Power and the Glory. Cooke. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
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JUVENILES

No report.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

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1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
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3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
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5. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

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3. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
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5. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.20.
6. Little Knight of X Bar B. Maule. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Twice Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.25.
2. Pastor Preacher. Quayle. (Methodist Book Concern.) $1.50.
3. The Beast. Lindsay. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. Western Women in Eastern Lands. Montgomery. (Macmillan.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Caverns of Dawn. Voorhees. (Raodebaugh-Voorhees Co.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Why I am a Socialist. Russell. (Hodder & Stoughton.) $1.50.
2. Study of Man. Buck. (Clarke.) $1.50.
3. An American Citizen; Life of Wm. Henry Baldwin, Jr. Brooks. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. Book of the Black Bass. Henshall. (Clarke.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Bunnikins-Bunnies. Davidson. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50 cents.
2. Owls of St. Ursula's. Reid. (Baker & Taylor.) $1.50.
3. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Power and the Glory. Cooke. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. Love in the Weaving. Orthwein. (Broadway Pub. Co.) $1.50.
4. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. Poppy. Stockley. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Chantecler. Rostand. (Duffield.) $1.25.
2. The Passion Play of Oberammergau. Moses. (Duffield.) $1.50.
3. Above Life's Turmoil. Allen. (Putnam.) $1.00.
4. Old Age Deferred. Lorand. (Davis Co.) $2.50.

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JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. A Little Princess of Tonopah. Higgins. (Penn.) $1.25.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. The Heart of Desire. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. Once Upon a Time. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Motor Maid. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Recreations of a Sportsman. Holder. (Putnam.) $2.00.
2. The Beast. Lindsay. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Vehicles of the Air. Lougheed. (Reilly & Britton.) $2.50.
4. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Poppy. Stockley. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Key to Yesterday. Buck. (Watt.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) $1.50.
2. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Lost Face. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Girl Who Won. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. A Life for a Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Celt and Saxon. Meredith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Happy Island. Lee. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Power and the Glory. Cooke. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Chinese. Thomson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $2.50.
2. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.
3. My Friend the Indian. McLaughlin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.50.
4. Unknown Life of Christ. Notovitch. (Indo-American.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Power and the Glory. Cooke. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
5. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Gospel and the Modern Man. Mathews. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Girl I Loved. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $2.00.
3. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50c.
2. Wonderful Adventures of Nils. Lagerlöf. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Cadet at West Point. Malone. (Penn. Pub. Co.) $1.25.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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5. A Life for a Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The City of Beautiful Nonsense. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
3. Every-Day Business for Women. Wilbur. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. Brain and Personality. Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn. Pub. Co.) $1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Love in the Weaving. Orthwein. (Broadway Pub. Co.) $1.50.
5. The Girl Who Won. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Poems of Oscar Wilde. (Luce.) $1.50.
2. The Girl I Loved. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $2.00.
3. Adventures in Spain. Crockett. (Stokes.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Deeds of Daring Done by Girls. Morse. (Stokes.) 69c.
2. Loyal Hearts and True. Ogden. (Stokes.) 69c.
3. Sir Toady Crusoe. Crockett. (Stokes.) $1.00.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Twice Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.25.
2. Vehicles of the Air. Lougheed. (Reilly & Britton.) $2.50.
3. My Friend the Indian. McLaughlin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Airship Boys Series. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Imagination in Business. Deland. (Harper.) 50c.
2. The Development of the Child. Key. (Putnam.) 75c.
3. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
4. Chantecler. Rostand. (Duffield.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Rover Boys at College. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 75c.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. One Braver Thing. Dehan. (Duffield.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Chantecler. Rostand. (Duffield.) $1.25.
2. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) $1.00.
4. Statesmen's Year Book, 1910. (Macmillan.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Out of the Night. Reynolds. (Doran.) $1.20.
4. Dr. Thorne's Idea. Mitchell. (Doran.) $1.00.
5. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Ramrodders. Day. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.

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3. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Cavanagh, Forest Ranger. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Automobile Education. Homan. (Audel.) $2.00.
2. Imagination in Business. Deland. (Harper.) 50c.

JUVENILES

1. Ann of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Wits' End. Blanchard. (Estes.) $1.50.
3. Motor Boys in Clouds. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60c.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Motor Maid. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Happy Island. Lee. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. African Game Trails. Roosevelt. (Scribner.) $4.00.
2. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.
3. The Durable Satisfactions of Life. Eliot. (Crowell.) $1.00.
4. Education of the Child. Key. (Putnam.) 75c.

JUVENILES

No report.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Dr. Thorne's Idea. Mitchell. (Life.) $1.00.
5. The Motor Maid. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. The Key to Yesterday. Buck. (Watt.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Motor Maid. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Strictly Business. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Motor Maid. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Write It Right. Bierce. (Neale.) 50c.
2. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) $3.75.
3. Shadow on the Dial. Bierce. (Robertson.) $2.00.
4. Idols of Education. Gayley. (Doubleday, Page.) 50c.

JUVENILES

1. Little Colonel. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Patty Books. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Little Women Series. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan) $1.50.
5. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Silent Call. Royle. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) $1.00.
2. Alaska. Higginson. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
3. American Problems. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.60.
4. Golf. Whitlatch. (Outing Pub. Co.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Twins. Aldin. (Hodder & Stoughton.) $2.00.
2. In Texas with Davy Crockett. McNeil. (Dutton.) $1.50.
3. Williams at West Point. Johnson. (Appleton.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. A Life for a Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. On the Branch. Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.20.
6. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Know Wild Flowers. Dana. (Scribner. $2.00.
2. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
3. Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75c.
4. Education of the Child. Key. (Putnam.) 75c.

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JUVENILES

1. Aeroplane Boys. Lamar. (Reilly & Britton.) 50c.
2. Motor Boy Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 50c.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. A Circuit Rider's Wife. Harris. (Altemus.) $1.20.
6. Miss Minerva and Wm. Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) 85c.

NON-FICTION

1. Chantecler. Rostand. (Duffield.) $1.25.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Personal Conduct of Belinda. Brainard. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. A Splendid Hazard. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Highways of Progress. Hill. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Ethics of Jesus. King. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
3. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.
4. Spiritual Unrest. Baker. (Stokes.) $1.35.

JUVENILES

1. John and Betty's History Visit. Williamson. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
2. Little Aliens. Kelly. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Lass of the Silver Sword. DuBois. (Century Co.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

FICTION

1. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. The Motor Maid. Williamson. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.20.
4. Ailsa Paige. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Power and the Glory. Cooke. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. The Duke's Price. Brown. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CAN.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.25.
2. The Right Stuff. Hay. (Briggs.) $1.25.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Briggs.) $1.25.
5. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Frowde.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Songs of a Sourdough. Service. (Briggs.) $1.00.
2. Riders of the Plains. Haydon. (Copp.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Sowing Seeds in Danny. McClung. (Briggs.) $1.00.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Motor Maid. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. Happy Island. Lee. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Twice Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.25.
2. In Tune with the Infinite. Trine. (Crowell) $1.00.
3. As a Man Thinketh. Allen. (Fenno.) 15c.
4. Through Europe with Roosevelt. O'Laughlin. (Chapple.) 25c.

JUVENILES

1. Submarine Boys. Durham. (Altemus.) $1.00.
2. Aviator Boys. Lawton. (Hurst.) 50c.
3. Motor Boys. Hancock. (Altemus.) $1.00.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list	receives		10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35	281
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50	202
3. Simon the Jester. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50	140
4. The Window at the White Cat. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50	110
5. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50	88
6. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	69

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